MARION WEEKLY STAR.

VOL. I. MARION, OHIO, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1885. NO. 17.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

RUSSIA WANTS HIM PLACED ON THE BULGARIAN THRONE.

Bismarck Favors it as a Means of Dispersing of the Brunswick Affair—England's Patience Wearing Out With Ireland—Parnell—Foreign.

LONDON, Oct. 9.—Russia is said to be desirous of having the Duke of Cumberland placed upon the Bulgarian throne, and it is understood that the idea is favored by Bismarck as an easy and effectual means of disposing of the Brunswick difficulty. This is thought to have been one of the subjects of the recent conference between Prince Bismarck and M. de Giers, the Russian foreign minister.

A Bold Threat.

LONDON, Oct. 9.—Sir Richard Assheton Cross, home secretary, in a speech at Barnsley, said that the government would bear with Ireland a little longer, when, if no improvement was shown in the attitude of the Irish people, strong coercive measures would be resorted to.

Parnell's Nominees.

DUBLIN, Oct. 9.—The Meath convention selected Dr. Kevin Izod O'Doherty and Edward Shiel, one of the present members for Meath, as candidates for parliament to represent that county. Both are Mr. Parnell's nominees.

M. De Giers.

ST. PETERSBURG, Oct. 9.—M. de Giers, Russian minister of foreign affairs, will arrive in St. Petersburg from Berlin soon. His conference with Prince Bismarck is understood to have been entirely satisfactory.

Great Enthusiasm.

PHILIPPOPOLIS, Oct. 9.—The announcement of the sultan's recognition of the principle of Bulgarian union was received here with great enthusiasm.

Buried Rifles.

CORK, Oct. 9.—The police discovered and seized a large number of rifles which were buried in a field at Ballin, Collig, five miles from this city.

American Music.

LONDON, Oct. 9.—The Middlesex judges granted a music license to the American exhibition which is to be opened in 1886.

HER LONG FAST ENDED.

Mrs. Bulla Passes Away After Starving Fifty-Nine Days.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 9.—Mrs. Veronica Bulla who has been undergoing a remarkable fast in this city, is dead. The fast began on August 10, fifty-nine days ago and since that time she has not taken a morsel of solid food and has lived entirely upon water in which small quantities of morphine were dilluted. When she first declined to partake of food she weighed 140 pounds and as she lay on a couch the bones nearly pinched through the skin which lay in wrinkles. Her eyes were terribly sunken.

Many people have visited the woman and all efforts of physicians and friends to induce her to eat were fruitless. Several clergymen have spent hours with her in prayer. The woman was a widow, a native of Germany and well to do. Since the death of of her husband eight years ago in an insane insylum her mind has been afflicted. A post mortem examination is being held.

RESISTING A BISHOP.

An Ordered Change of Priests Causes a Row in the Church.

DETROIT, Oct. 9.—The congregation of the Catholic church of St. Joachim, in this city, met and decided to resist the order of Bishop Borgess directing Father Laporte to go to Lower Canada. The congregation is very much attached to Father Laporte, and also object to the new pastor appointed by the bishop, on the ground that he is a Belgian and not a French-Canadian.

The opposition is headed by Father Laporte himself, and the people threaten to take the case into the courts, if the bishop does not give the church a French-Canadian pastor. If the courts can give no remedy, it will be taken to Rome and laid before the pope. The French people claim that the bishop is pursuing the policy of gradually replacing all French priests in this diocese with other nationalities.

Disastrous Fire.

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 9.—This city was visited by the most disastrous fire known in many years. H. S. Crocker & Co.'s, the largest wholesale paper and stationery house on the coast, is entirely destroyed, and the surrounding buildings, including the Occidental hotel, were more or less damaged. The total loss will be about three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Two firemen were killed by falling timbers and three more were very seriously injured.

Mayor Grace's Denial.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—Mayor Grace unqualifiedly denies Ferdinand Ward's statement that he once applied for admission to the firm of Grant & Ward, and that he ever wrote such a letter on the subject as Ward describes in his statement. Mr. Grace avers that his only relations with the firm were in the capacity of purchaser of its paper endorsed by J. D. Fish, who was supposed to be financially sound.

Curbstone Brokers.

NEW YORK, Oct. 8.—It is rumored on Wall street that two brokers named Charles E. and J. D. Bently had departed from this city for Canada. They took with them about twenty-five thousand dollars belonging to other persons. The men were, it is said, in the habit of obtaining loans on stock which was not on the list of the exchange, and then appropriating the loans. They had no regular office.

Explosion of Fireworks.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 9.—An explosion of fireworks in Cinsimer & Co.'s store, adjoining the Vanderbilt house, caused much excitement, and a temporary panic among the guests of the hotel, and set fire to the store. The fire, however, was quickly got under control, and the damage was not serious. The explosion was caused by the fireworks being placed too near a stove.

CARDINAL M'CLOSKEY.

THE ONLY AMERICAN "PRINCE OF THE CHURCH" IS DYING.

Fragile in Body, but of Indomitable Will and a Clear Mind, the Venerable Prelate is Slowly Sinking Into Sweet Eternal Sleep—His Life.

CARDINAL JOHN M'CLOSKEY.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—Cardinal John McCloskey, the venerable prelate of the Roman Catholic church in this country, and the first and only American made "a prince of the church," is dying. Fragile in body, but of indomitable will, he was for years an assiduous worker, and rose to the foremost place in the church, while his friends and co-laborers fell by the wayside. Death was expected to claim him long ago. Now he is gradually passing away, the result of extreme old age. Feeble, though not infirm, as he has been for a number of years, he has escaped all disease but that of failing powers. A severe cold, recently contracted, is hastening the end.

Several days ago he commenced to sink and all hope of his recovery was given up At his own request, it is said, the last sacrament was administered. Monsignor Thomas Preston, of St. Ann's church, in East Twelfth street, and chancellor of the diocese, officiated. There were present Archbishop Corrigan, coadjutor of Cardinal McCloskey; the Rev. Dr. Quinn, vicar general; Father McDonnell, the private secretary of the cardinal, and several of the clergy attached to the cathedral. It was apparent that he was gradually but peacefully passing away. During the early part of the night his death was expected. Later, however, he rallied somewhat, and when morning came he was in a more cheerful frame of mind and a little brighter. But those about him gained but little encouragement from this, for they were told that his lingering was but for a few days at most.

Dr. E. Keyes, his physician, has been in almost constant attendance upon him for some months. He has exhausted his skill in trying to prolong the cardinal's years of usefulness, but all that science can do is to make the end peaceful.

When quite young, Cardinal McCloskey broke one of his ribs by accident, which greatly enfeebled him, as he was never strong. After graduating from Mt. St. Mary's college, near Emmetsburg, Md., and the completion of his theological course, he went to Rome. The state of his health during his student days and the first years of his priesthood can best be told in his own words On the occasion of the celebration of the golden anniversary of his career in the church, on January 12, 1884, he thus referred to that period:

"At that time few thought that I, so feeble in health, would outlive all those who were my contemporaries in the ministry, and when, shortly after my ordination, I went to Europe for the advantage of additional study, my friends supposed I would not return."

Despite all these unfavorable signs he continued actively at work for half a century. Only a few years ago it was thought death was near. Father Clowry, of St. Gabriel's church, his private confessor, was hurriedly summoned to his bedside to administer the last rites of the church, but before the arrival of the priest the crisis was passed, and his services were not required for that office.

For a year and more the cardinal's health has been perceptibly failing, and he has been unable to attend to his work. So weak did he grow that it was necessary to have an attendant near him, and at times he could not walk without assistance At intervals during the summer he was confined to his bed, but only for a few days at a time. He has frequently called the attention of members of his household to his decrepit condition, and assured them that he would soon leave them. Now, in his seventy-sixth year, there is no hope for his recovery.

All during the day he was surrounded by the clergy and several of his most intimate friends. Dr. Keyes was with him during the greater part of the day. An eminent physician was called in by Dr. Keyes. After the consultation the latter said:

"There is no hope of recovery; it is only a question of a few days. I do not think his eminence will die to-day, and he may perhaps linger for some little time yet."

Prayers for the dying cardinal were offered at the close of early mass in the cathedral and in all the other churches in the city in accordance with a circular issued by the diocesan officials.

"There is little hope," remarked Mgr. Preston. "We must bow to God's will. His eminence has lived a long life of usefulness and his reputation as an ecclesiastic is second to none."

Cardinal McCloskey is archbishop of New York and Archbishop Corrigan is his coadjutor and immediately succeeds to the latter office in the event of the cardinal's death. No confirmation is necessary, but before he can perform the full functions of the position he must be invested with the pallium. It is probably from this that the erroneous impression has been created that he would succeed to the title of cardinal. That title with the person on whom it is conferred. There will be no one entitled to wear the red beretta in America until one has been named by the pope and properly invested.

When it became known in 1875 that a cardinal would be created for America it was supposed that Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, would be named. It has been generally understood that he would be Cardinal McCloskey's successor. But it is now stated that Archbishop Williams, of Boston, is the more probable candidate. The reason assigned for this is Archbishop Gibbon's in the appointment of Anthony J. Kiely as United States minister to Italy, whom he is said to have recommended to President Cleveland. The pope's policy is opposed to the appointment of Catholics as ambassadors to any anti-Catholic court. Archbishop Gibbons is therefore believed to have incurred the displeasure of the pope by interesting himself in having Mr. Kiely, who is a Catholic, sent to Rome

During the evening the cardinal made the usual profession of faith and received the Viaticum from Archbishop Corrigan. There were present at the ceremony the Right Rev. Bishop of Brooklyn, Monsignor Quinn, Monsignor Farley, Dr. McDonnell, F. Daubresse, S. J., and the priests of the cathedral At the same time and before the solemn ceremony and had been concluded, a cable dispatch was received from the Holy Father. It was the Apostolic blessing, and sent by Cardinal Jacobini, secretary of state. The dispatch was written in Latin, as follows:

"Gravis inocror Summi Pontificis benedictio concessa."

This may be freely translated: "The benediction of the supreme pontiff is granted with great grief."

When the sacrament had been administered the prelate dozed slightly, and the visitors left the room.

At 9:25 Dr. Keyes entered the house and remained about fifteen minutes in the cardinal's chamber. As he descended the stairs he was met by a reporter, and said:

"Cardinal McCloskey will not die immediately. He is no worse than he was six hours ago, and but little weaker than he was before. He has taken but little nourishment, and what he has taken was liquid food entirely. I should be very greatly surprised to find him not alive, and he may live for six weeks yet. It is impossible for him to live a year, or even half that time, but is not unlikely that he may rally temporarily from this prostration. He had a similar attack in the spring and partially recovered."

"Is there any organic disease or local trouble?"

"None at all. Cardinal McCloskey is nearly seventy-six years old and his trouble is simply old age. To be more explicit it is a wearing away of his nerves and at such an advanced age there is no remedy. Stimulants are of no avail and it is merely a question of his vitality. I do not consider it necessary to remain with him and do not expect to find him materially changed to-morrow. During the day he has said nothing save once when he spoke a few words. He is conscious perhaps, it would be better to say that he is intelligent, but how long he will remain so is doubtful. It is certain that he is suffering no pain."

The cardinal was attended by his three nieces, Mrs. Kelly, Mrs. Carey and Mrs. Mullen, the old servant, Catherine, and a sister of charity, who is acting as a nurse. Several of the priests of the cathedral are also in the house to render assistance if necessary.

MOST DAMNABLE.

Terrible Statement Made of the Montreal Hospitals—An Investigation.

MONTREAL, Que., Oct. 9.—Some damaging statements have been made by two ex-inmates of the smallpox hospital. They say that the patients are crowded together in the same beds, mild cases with bad ones. The filth and vile smell in the wards is terrible. The clothing furnished the patients is very scanty and the attendance is atominable. The patients change their own clothes as long as they are able, and when they are too weak to do it the strong patients do it for them.

No matter how loudly the patients may call for assistance during the night no assistance is given. The patients sometimes have to wait an hour for a drink before getting it, and those whose eyes are closed by the disease sometimes beg for a long time for the lotion that is used to wash them before getting it.

As soon as a patient dies the body is sewed up in a sheet and thrown on the floor to be removed at some future time. The hospital officers deny the charges which are being investigated by the authorities.

RIOT IN ST. LOUIS.

Blockading the Lines With Cars—Stabbed. Arrests—General Muddle.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 9—A crowd congregated between Seventh and Eighth on Pine street and commenced unhitching the horses from the cars of the Union depot line. After this was accomplished they turned a car crosswise of the track and then backing another and another up the hill, pushed them rapidly down hill until they would strike the crosswise car. This was continued until seven cars were piled up together, creating a complete barricade.

A tremendous crowd gathered quickly and a fight was started, in which an unknown "scab" was stabbed with a clasp knife. By this time the police were on the ground, and after sending the wounded men to the dispensary, dispersed the crowd.

Several arrests were made, but the matter is so confused it is hard to say who did the stabbing. The cars upon the embargoed lines were all withdrawn. No attempt was made to run them.

Ward's Statement.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—The Herald devotes ten columns to a statement by Ferdinand Ward on the affairs of Grant & Ward. The statement goes into the details quite fully but throws little if any new light on the subject.

Knights of Labor.

HAMILTON, Ont., Oct. 9.—The morning session of the general assembly of the Knights of Labor was taken up with the reports of committees. The work was of a preliminary nature.

Funeral Directors.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 9.—The closing session of the Funeral Directors' association held here elected officers for the ensuing year and the association adjourned sine die.

MR. MANNING'S LETTER.

THE PRESIDENT AND HIMSELF WILL GO HOME TO VOTE.

Mr. Cleveland Never Failed to Do His Duty in this Particular—Indian Commissioner Atkins—Butler Mahone. Political—Washington Notes.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—Secretary Manning addresses the following personal letter to Hon. A B. Parker, chairman of the executive committee of the New York Democratic state committee, at the Hoffman house, New York:

"DEAR SIR: It is my intention to go to Albany next month for the purpose of voting the Democratic ticket, which should be, and I believe will be, elected. I have no doubt President Cleveland will do likewise. While governor of the state he never failed to go to Buffalo and exercise this right and I am sure he feels it to be his duty to do so now. Certainly he is as anxious for the success of the ticket headed by Governor Hill as he was for the success of that ticket which his own name led to victory three years ago. Sincerely yours, DANIEL MANNING."

Indian Commissioner Atkins.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—Gen. Atkins, the commissioner of Indian affairs, proposes to profit from his experience as chairman of the house committee on appropriations, and in his estimates for the next year will ask for only what he actually wants. The total amount which he will ask for will be larger than the amount appropriated last year, for the reason that the educational system among the Indians will be extended, and as far as possible the government will take charge of all schools, instead of carrying them on in connection with religious societies.

Butler Mahone.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The case of Butler Mahone, son of Senator Mahone of Virginia, indicted for assault with intent to kill John Willis, a waiter at Welcker's hotel, last February, came up in the criminal court here. The prosecuting attorney said that he understood that Willis had received money not to prosecute the suit. A letter was read from Willis asking that the case be nolle prosequied. The case was postponed until December 14, owing to the absence of Willis, the prosecuting witness.

Fraudulent Bonds.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—Major Dye, chief of police, received a letter from a gentleman in Kansas City, Mo., stating that he had traded land for $5,000 worth of District of Columbia bonds, issued in October, 1879, signed by Lindley Murray, president, and inquiring what those bonds were worth. Major Dye promptly replied that no such bonds were ever issued here and that they are fraudulent. The matter City police have been asked to investigate the matter.

Patent Office Report.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The report of the commissioner of patents for the fiscal year, ended June 30, 1885, shows that the total receipts of the office were $1,074,974, a slight decrease from the preceding year; the expenditures were $934,135, about $36,000 less than previous years. During the year 22,928 patents were issued, 32,662 applications for patents received, 2,015 caveats filed and 10,332 patents expired, of which number 116 were reissued.

Very Important Meeting.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The executive committee of the United Labor League of America has issued a call or a convention to assemble in the Cooper Union, New York, Tuesday, October 20. The object of the convention will be to make a declaration of principles and to declare for the political party which grants the greatest concessions to the workingmen.

Harry B. Plummer.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—H. B. Plummer, who was appointed naval officer at Philadelphia, is forty-five years old and was born at Franklin, Pa. He is an active working Democrat and was a delegate to the Chicago convention, which nominated Cleveland He is said to be quite wealthy. He was endorsed by Congressmen Randall and Scott.

Hell Gate on Sunday.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The president has suggested that the explosion of Flood rock take place Sunday in order to give Secretary Endicott and other officials a better opportunity to witness the upheaval, and on account of fewer vessels being in motion on that day.

Beaver Meadows Postmaster.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—The postmaster at Beaver Meadows, New York has been removed for unlawfully increasing the receipts of his office and thus securing an increase in his salary.

Eugene E. White.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 9.—Eugene E. White, of Prescott, Ark, has been appointed Indian agent at that place.

St. Louis Strike.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 8.—The street car managers made a supreme effort, and in consequence there was a few more cars on the embargoed lines early, but at noon the number is decreasing, some of the lines being totally abandoned. The patronage is light, considering the crowded condition of the city. The strikers claim to be in better shape than ever, and that over two hundred men have been persuaded to desert their cars and join the strikers within the past twenty-four hours. There have been no disturbances.

Strict Quarantine.

ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 9.—Dr. Carroll of the state board of health, telegraphed the local health commissioner at Niagara Falls and Suspension bridge, not to allow any one to cross into this state without showing indications of recent vaccination. This is quite a noteable step as to a great degree it quarantines Canada from this country. It has never happened before. Dr. Carroll says it is perfectly legal and quotes from the statutes to prove it.

Genesta Gone.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—The Genesta has sailed for England.

DRUNK IN COURT.

A Policeman Ordered from the Police Court by Judge Fitzgerald.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 9.—Another illustration of the character of the men who occupy positions on the police force of this city, came out in the police court. On the previous night Officer Mike Gavigan, who runs a Bucktown beat, arrested Jackson Dean, a colored man, who was quietly walking along Sixth street, east of Broadway, playing a clarionet. The officer was drunk, and approaching Dean raised his club and dealt him a blow over the head. The drunken officer then began to knock music out of the clarionet with his mace. Gavigan then arrested Dean and took him to Hammond street police station, where was locked up on the charge of disorderly conduct.

In the police court it was evident to the judge and others that the officer was drunk. When on the stand his head looked as if it was ready to drop from his body, so peculiar was his motions. Judge Fitzgerald saw at a glance that the officer was drunk, and in very terse language ordered him from the court room, at the same time dismissing Dean

"May I say a word?" said Gavigan to his honor.

"Get out of here and report immediately to the chief of police. You are a disgrace to the force," said Fitzgerald.

Gavigan got out, but did not report to Col Hudson. The facts, however, coming to the ears of the chief of police, he suspended the officer. Gavigan formerly ran on patrol wagon No. 2, but was recently assigned a beat in Bucktown. Gavigan is evidently a member of the Society for Suppression of Music.

ALASKA AND FLORENCE.

Collision of a Ferry Boat and a Yacht. Great Excitement.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—The Roosevelt street ferry boat Alaska, on its down trip, ran into the steam yacht Florence, bound east, smashing the yacht's deck and hull down to the water line. The ferry boat was crowded with people at the time on their way to business, and for the moment there was intense excitement. It soon passed over, however, without any casualties and the passengers were safely landed. The Alaska's rudder chains were broken and she was otherwise injured. The collision occurred near the Brooklyn bridge.

The tide was running swiftly at the time. The yacht's crew lay the blame on the pilot of the Alaska, which they claim pursued her course without heading their signals. The Florence was damaged to the extent of $1,200, and is insured. J. H. Fehlberg, of Providence, is the owner. Those on board the yacht, thinking she was she sinking, clambered aboard the ferry boat, but returned to the yacht when they found she floated, and run her into Pier 49.

MARION WEEK OUT.

The Sea Gives up It's Dead—Horrible Crime Revealed.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 9.—A dead body, dragged up on the oyster grounds near the mouth of the Choptank river, last week, has been identified as Aleck McLaughlin, who was shipped on on the sloop Daniel A. Nearing. John A. Davine, another hand on the boat, testified that Aleck was ill-treated.

The captain of the Nearing, John R. Taylor, knocked McLaughlin down and beat him insensible. Every time Aleck would revive Taylor would choke and beat him, and finally pitched him overboard. The cold water seemed to revive McLaughlin.

He made strokes with his arms, but was so weak that he sank and was drowned. Devine says that fear that his turn to be murdered next kept him from exposing the crime.

Garfield Statue.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 9.—A sub-committee of the Garfield monument committee, Messrs. Simpkinson, Governor J. D. Cox and M. Battman, recently called on Collector Caldwell, custodian of the custom house and postoffice, to obtain permission to temporarily erect the statue in the postoffice. Mr. Caldwell expressed the desire that he might be enabled to grant this very proper request, but stated that he would first have to obtain permission from Washington. He has written. The statue, in bronze, is nine feet high, and it will be placed upon a temporary pedestal twelve feet high in the northwest corner of the first floor of the building in about two weeks, if the consent shall be obtained.

The Saloonkeepers' Society.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 9.—At a meeting of the Saloonkeepers' society at Schaepperle's hall it was unanimously resolved to boycott those brewers who are selling beer to saloonists who are retailing at three cents a glass. It was also agreed to urge the brewers to make a further reduction on the price of beer to $1.50 per keg. It was reported that some one hundred and sixty saloonkeepers in the city are selling beer at three cents a glass, and every effort will be made to down them. A Detroit firm, it was said, is negotiating with brewers in this city for the purpose of establishing three-cent houses on a fashionable basis here. Nothing was done of any political consequence.

Fatal Accident.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 9.—Wm. Tappan, a well known boss bricklayer, while standing on a scaffold in front of the new building belonging to W. E. Dibble, on St. James street, Walnut Hills, met his death by the structure giving away and precipitating him to the ground, a distance of thirty feet. He was instantly killed, as the neck was broken.

George Slosson Married.

CHICAGO, Oct. 9.—The marriage of Geo. F. Slosson, the billard player, and Miss Nellie Foley, daughter of Thomas Foley, took place in the parochial residence of the church of the Holy Name. A reception was held at the house of the bride's father, after which the couple started for St. Louis, to return next week.

Swamped Theatricals.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 9—The baggage and scenery of the Campbell dramatic company were attached here to satisfy a hotel bill at the Doolittle house in Oswego. Frank Campbell, the manager, raised the amount due and the property was released. The company then gave security for their board bill here and left for the east.

BRIEF MENTION.

The News Condensed for the Hasty Reader's Perusal.

The funeral expenses for the burial of Gen. Grant were $14,163.

The Owens brothers, indicted for the murder of their father at Marion, Ind., were acquitted.

Miss Georgina Charlotte Bauer and Mr. J. B. Roth were married at the St. Clair hotel, Cincinnati.

Charles H. and J. D. Bently, two New York brokers, after swindling $25,000, left for Canada.

A live stock rate war is in progress between the Fort Wayne and Baltimore & Ohio railroads.

John Kelly returned to New York still a very sick man, and not able to engage actively in politics.

Edgar D. Johnson, of the college of music, Cincinnati, was married to Miss J. Lewis Roots at Connersville, Ind.

The increase in the net earnings of the Ohio & Mississippi railroad for the past year amounted to $118,093.26.

Ringgold Butler Mahone, son of Senator Mahone, is on trial for assault and battery with intent to kill John Willis.

Secretary Manning has issued an order to Higgins not to let anybody see the papers pertaining to the appointments.

Mayor Grace denies Ferdinand Ward's statement that he once applied for admission to the firm of Grant & Ward.

The Presbyterian synod of Indiana is in session at Logansport, over two hundred ministers and lay delegates being in attendance.

Cornelius Baker, a brakeman, fell from a train on the Pennsylvania railroad, near Massillon, O., was run over and instantly killed.

John D. Parshley, a provision dealer of Rochester, N. Y., was found at his place of business with his throat cut and in a critical condition.

BASE BALL.—Cincinnati 6, St. Louis 1; New York 8, St. Louis 3; Philadelphia 5, Chicago 3; Detroit 7, Boston 6; Louisville 8, Pittsburg 4.

The joint debate between Judge Forster and Governor Hoadly came off at Wheeler's opera house, Toledo, and will be continued at Cincinnati.

Mrs. McCloskey, of Urbana, O., who murdered her child and then took morphine herself, died after lingering thirty-five hours in unconsciousness.

Robert J. Moorhead, known for his remarkable politeness and learning, having lived a solitary life for over thirty years, died at Cincinnati.

The New York stock market continued to improve, and there was a general advance on the whole list, the highest average of the year being reached.

A banquet was tendered to Gen. John A. Logan at Cincinnati [illegible], by the "Logan Invincibles." His speech was the feature of the evening.

The police on election day at Cincinnati will not be under the control of the mayor, but of the police commissioners, according to an opinion of able lawyers.

A convention of two hundred retail coal dealers of Ohio and Indiana was held at Dayton, O., and organized temporarily by electing C. A. Starr, president.

Methodist Conference.

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Oct. 9.—Rev. Wm. Reddy, of Syracuse, presided at the session of the Central New York Methodist Episcopal conference, Bishop Merrill being unavoidably absent. The only business transacted was the reading of statistical reports on the benevolent work of the church. The anniversary meeting of the Freedmen's Aid socciety was held. Rev. Mr. Hartzel, assistant secretary of the society, delivered an interesting address.

Dastardly Dagos.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 9,—J. M. D. Parshley, a provision dealer, was found at his place of business with his throat cut and in a critical condition. The shop door was locked and the key on the outside. Parshley says when he opened his shop two men followed him inside and knocked him down. He remembers nothing further. His pocket book and a large sum of money was stolen. It is supposed that his assailants were Italians.

At Jerome Park.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—The first race at Jerome park was a free handicap sweepstakes, one mile and a quarter: Buckstone first, Pericles second, Royal Arch third. Time 2:02¾.

The second race was over three-quarters of a mile: Bon Soir first, Bandald second, Petticoat third. Time 1:20¼.

The third race was a free handicap sweepstakes for three-year-olds, one mile and three furlongs: Alta first, Natilee second, Hearsease third. Time 2:38.

The fourth race was a free handicap sweepstakes, one mile and five-sixteenths: Pontiac first, Caramel second. This was all that started. Time 2:26¾.

The fifth race was a selling purse of a mile: Hotschimie first, Windsail second, Polonia third. Time 1:50.

The sixth race was a handicap hurdle race over seven hurdles, one mile and three-quarters: Tarquin first, Sandoval second, Bally third. Time 3:21¼.

Peabody Fund Trustees.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—At the session of the Peabody fund trustees the auditing committee presented their report which was adopted. The election of officers will take place later, and it was mentioned as probable that the same gentlemen who filled the positions last year will be re-elected. No official notification of President Cleveland's appointment as trustee, to fill the vacancy caused by Gen. Grant's death, has been decided upon so far.

John Kelly.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—John Kelly and his wife have returned to the city. Mrs. Kelly said to a reporter: "Mr. Kelly bore the journey in the cars very well. His health has been much improved during the past week."

The Gould Party.

NEW YORK, Oct. 9.—Mr. Jay Gould, the Hon. Russell Sage, and Mr. George Gould, leave town for a ten day's trip over the Missouri Pacific and other southwestern railroads with which they are identified.

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MARION WEEKLY STAR.

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RE TICKET.

[Election Tuesday October 13 1885]

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For Governor,
JOSEPH B. FORAKER
of Hamilton

Lieutenant Governor,
ROBERT P KENNEDY
of Logan

Judge of Supreme Court,
THADDEUS A. MINSHALL
of Ross

Judge of Supreme Court
TO FILL VACANCY
WILLIAM T SPEAR,
of Trumbull

Treasurer of State,
JOHN C BROWN
of Jefferson

Attorney General,
JACOB A KOHLER
of Summit

Member Board of Public Works
WELSH JONES,
of Pike

For State Senator, 13th Senatorial District
DUNCAN C. DOW
Of Logan

COUNTY

For Representative
BEN WADDLE,
of Richland

For Treasurer,
AMOS C. MOUNTS
of Prospect

For Recorder
J E. CROW
of Marion

For Sheriff,
Dr W S. DRAKE
of Marion

For Commissioner
MICHAEL ZACHMAN
of Waldo

For Infirmary Director
MILTON H RHOADS
of Salt Rock

THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

The Republican party of Ohio announce the following platform of principles

The right to vote accorded by the Constitution of the United States is the concern of the whole people, and must be secured at all hazards to every citizen in every part of the Republic Existing guarantees must be sacredly maintained and additional ones provided if necessary that the equal protection of the laws and the equal enjoyment of the suffrage shall not fail or be abridged in any way through the connivance neglect or fraud of any of the States of the Union. The Democratic party which owed its national victory last fall to the wilful suppression of the ballot can not be looked to for the enforcement of those constitutional guarantees and the hope of the friends of equal laws and equal suffrage is in the Republican party which pledges itself to wage the contest to a successful end

We want such legislation as will harmonize the relations of labor and capital and promote the welfare of the people protect and foster the industries of the State We favor the establishment of a National Bureau of Industry the enforcement of the eight hour law adequate appropriations from the public revenues for general education wherever the same is needed

We denounce the importation of contract labor and favor the most stringent laws to effectively prevent it.

We are opposed to the acquisition of the public lands, or any part thereof by non-resident aliens

We are in favor of a protective tariff which will encourage American development and furnish remunerative employment to American labor, and we are opposed to the British policy advocated by the Democratic party, under the guise of a tariff for revenue only We demand restoration of the wool duty of 1867, or its full equivalent, and we call upon the Republican Congress for *failing to make good the pledges* they made in this behalf

We condemn the action of the present administration in lowering the National flag upon the public buildings at Washington, as a mark of respect to a man who dishonored the one and sought to destroy the other, who planned with cruel determination, in his hiding place in Canada, to overwhelm the Northern cities with fire and to sweep to death by scattering everywhere the germs of infectious and fatal diseases

That the election to important and honorable offices of the government of unrepentant rebels, whose political disabilities have not been removed, is a flagrant violation of the Constitution and an insult to the loyal people of the whole country and we denounce the administration of President Cleveland for its general discrimination in the appointments so far made against Union soldiers and men who fought for the Union.

The Republican party, which enacted the present civil service law will faithfully maintain it and cheerfully aid in all needed amendments to give it full force, and it is committed to extend the law to all grades of service to which it is applicable. Ample appropriations should be made to enforce it in letter and spirit and all laws at variance with the objects of existing reform legislation should be repealed Having accomplished this much the party pledges itself to still further and higher reforms. It looks with deepest regret upon the failure of the present administration to promote the reforms of the civil service so auspiciously begun under Republican administration.

The Republican party of Ohio demands the repeal of the limitation contained in the pension arrears act of 1879, so that all invalid soldiers shall share equally, and their pensions begin with the date of disability or discharge, and not with the date of application

We denounce the Democratic party for the destruction of the Scott law and the consequent increase of the burdens of taxation upon all property and the abandonment of an annual revenue of $2,000,000 and while recognizing the people's right to amend the organic law we demand the enactment of such legislation as will give us regulation and taxation of the liquor traffic attainable under the Constitution

We denounce the Legislature for its treachery to their pledges on the subject of contract labor and arraign their incompetency and extravagance in the management of the penitentiary

We denounce the present Democratic General Assembly for its extravagance, corruption and wanton disregard of the true interests and good name of our State,

The Republicans of Ohio, in convention assembled tender to General Ulysses S. Grant our warm sympathy in this time of his great suffering, and assure him of our great faith in and love for him and *earnestly hope that he may be restored* to health and be blessed with many days among his grateful countrymen

BEFORE THE CONTEST.

In our last issue before the contest which is of so much importance we have not crowded upon our readers admonitions and injunctions to vote early get out all the votes &c &c in large display type Every Republican should be aroused to the importance of the situation

There is an U S Senator to be elected by the next Legislature and it would be a grand victory for Marion county Republicans to send Ben Waddle to and in returning Sherman to the Senate The Republicans have a county ticket head and shoulders above the opposition in worthiness and merrit, and deserves solid support from the party naming them and should draw from the Democracy

A change in the State administration is demanded, and if all Republicans do their duty this will be announced result of next Tuesday's election Republicans all comprehend the situation, and as Republicans will do their duty

When this shall have been done we may look for the returns with a confident feeling of Judge Forker's triumphant election and that of a Republican Legislature that will return Hon John Sherman to the U S Senate

Non-Partisan Utterances.

The Chicago News as to politics is an independent paper, and is not enough concerned about political affairs in Ohio to prejudice its judgment Subjoined are a couple of paragaphs from that paper which show how candid outsiders regard some points of the Democratic game in this State

Allen G Thurman is just as near the United States Senate chamber as he ever will be again Even if John Sherman is beaten it will do Thurman no good for Thurman is being used merely as a cat's paw to haul the senatorial chestnut out of the fire for somebody else Mr John R. McLean knows how to make a still hunt when the wind is southerly'

'Allen O Myers is making a desperate effort to be re elected to the Ohio Legislature We hope he will be defeated because he represents the very worst element in politics It matters not what party he pretends to represent, the party that is so lost to all sense of decency and pride as to take up with such a candidate deserves to be beaten. We give this out as a strictly non partisan utterance

Pointers for Election Day.

Understand who Judges and Clerks are to be

Have a complete poll of your township, ward or precinct, and checkers to mark off those voting, and those not voting should be hurried in

School District and Ward Committeemen should systamize their work, and understand each other

Have rallying committees and challengers selected

Watch Democratic schemes for trading

THE Democratic conspiracy that Dr Wakefield has exposed to use the temperance cause for the free whisky party was stated in these words

'We must have every camp meeting supplied with the best speakers' lady speakers are the most effective with the religious masses—with that plan well worked Leonard can get from thirty five thousand to forty thousand votes From ninety to ninety five per cent. of them will be from the Republican party—say twenty eight thousand to thirty two thousand from the Republican vote Now as they will be cast for a third party, they will be a full gain for the Democrats Now, I have not been extravagant. You see gentlemen it will bring us out"

Upon this Dr Wakefield remarked

"The last camp meeting and conference have been manipulated as far as possible Everything has been done to carry out this grand fraud

JUDGE ATHERTON, Democratic candidate for Supreme Judge, it is alleged, has repeatedly stated that he hoped the Catholic vote would go to the Republicans, as the Democrats were tired of carrying them along In consequence of Judge Atherton's intolerance the Catholic Columbian one of the leading papers of that denomination in the State, urges that Atherton be taken off the Democratic State ticket Whether Atherton is taken off the ticket or not thousands of Catholic voters heretofore identified with the Democratic party will this year do as Judge Atherton wishes them—join the Republican ranks—and the Democratic ticket will get left

REPUBLICANS have much to gain by watching the polls closely next Tuesday and seeing that every man in the party has voted The Democracy is making every effort to win and only vigilance and hard work will secure the desired Republican success

THE county ticket of the Marion county Republicans is made stronger by a comparison with the opposition Ask the intelligent voter to look at the two tickets and then vote for the worthier one If this is done Marion county Republicans *may rejoice.*

DON'T throw a vote away and aid the Democracy by casting a Leonard ballot. The vote is more than lost It is practically a Democratic ballot and given to retain the State government in the hands of the expensive reformers and the coal oil gang

EVERY intelligent reading voter knows the reputation of John R. McLean and knows him unfit to represent Ohio in the U S Senate Vote for Waddle for representative and thus lend your aid in sending John Sherman to the Senate again

OHIO does not want each presidential year to be torn up by two elections—a State election in Octobe and a National election in November Hence it is desirable that the voters of the State vote yes on the four proposed constitutional amendments this year

THE first of the Heald Forker debates occurred at Tiffin Thursday night Judge Forker made a great hit and downed Headly as he undoubtedly will next Tuesday

Birth-Marks.

[Youth's Companion]

A stranger visiting a quiet summer resort on the coast where a company of pleasant people had gathered from parts of the country observed at once the guests a lady whose face was disfigured by a large blood red mark on one cheek It was so hideous that the gentleman carefully avoided her for several days, and was surprised to find her always the center of an eager chatting group

You must know Mrs —— said a friend at last She is the most charming woman here

Charming? With that horrible deformity

What can you mean? Deformity? Oh that little birth mark After you have known her for a day you will forget it about You will see not that but the good, beautiful soul that looks out of her eyes

A leader of one of our great political parties whose eloquence has obtained for him the sobriquet of the silver tongued met with an accident which disfigured by which every feature of his face was distorted and scarred Yet such is the power of his intellect and the magnetism of his manners that no man in the country has more fervent admirers and friends among men and women

Very few of us go into the world our wisely deformed and scarred But every one of us brings some secret birth marks into life some vicious trait some passion or vulgar tendency which we have inherited from our ancestors

Do you see my long obstinate, mean upper lip? a well known American author said lately to a friend It came to me from my grandmother, and it has kept me busy all my life to fight against it and that which I see behind it'

It ought to be the work of each man life to conquer these secret birth traits to cultivate the goodness and beauty of soul which will put them out of sight

Drawn by the Love of Home

Harper's Bazar

And much of the attraction that draws Americans to England is the same love of home bidding them explore a still older home For this the endure temporary exile from their abode, and bear as patiently as possible that rather childish social structure which still dominates the English world Sometimes, indeed, by long residence Americans come to enjoy this structure as dwellers in Switzerland come actually to like those high flavored cheeses that are at first so repulsive Many man, too, as Wendell Phillips used to say is a democrat only because he was not born a nobleman It is observed that when one speaks of the delights of living in Europe he never imagines himself to be living in the same way as at home It must be a perpetual holiday with no outlay and no duties to anybody without that, one might as well be in New York So the young American girl however moderate her claims at home stipulates for nothing less than a duke or palace in England let her marry an English business man and she will soon learn whether she likes it better than life in America. At least I knew a young girl who tried it and she soon found herself *undergoing so many real or fancied* slights because her husband was only in trade that she was soon glad to bring him back to this side of the Atlantic

Stimulants Before Bathing

[Kate Bennett in The Cosmopolitan]

But of all things which I would earnestly caution bathers and swimmers against is that of taking any stimulant before going into the water Some of our wonderful champion swimmers have become utter wrecks from a mistaken idea that a stimulant was necessary to sustain them in the water Bad as intoxicating drinks are at any time they seem to possess a peculiarly bad property for the swimmer, even though taken in small quantity The stimulating effect seems almost instantly dissipated when one strikes the water bringing a reactionary exhaustion which, added to the exhaustion induced by exercise in the water, leads to danger

And this in my mind fully accounts for the many fatal results which have followed diving from great heights I have never known a case where a man has been killed when diving from great height but that it has been proved that he took a stimulant just previously perhaps only a little so but that on shore it would not have affected his nerves in the slightest degree enough to be fatal to him when diving

The Death of Animals.

[London Telegraph]

But what makes whales come on shore when they feel ill It looks like suicide—and may be That beasts and birds in the same way go aside to die their comrades to suffer the extra trial of death is a pathetic fact which is well known Sometimes no doubt their friends desert them They think that the companionship of an enfeebled individual is a possible source of danger or, perhaps instinct teaches them thus to avoid the risks of infection

Or again it may be that the sight of death is intolerable to them but it has been and is to many human tribes who leave their dying to pass away in solitude and will not return to witness the last moments of a Whatever the explanation the fact remains that in the animal world a rule creatures go away and die themselves and the water forms from what may be called sanitary motives their own cemetery for one in which they cannot live

Woman Suffrage in England

The approach of the general election in England under the extended franchise is said to have set the question of woman's suffrage a long way nearer the future In some of the colonies however the suffrage question is very much in the air and in Australia for instance there is thought to be a fair chance of the passage of a law giving women who possess the property qualification the franchise so long as they remain unmarried

Life in a Dirty City

Herat is a dirty city 2,000 feet above the level of the sea and contains about 50,000 inhabitants Its most striking features is a bazaar 1,200 feet in length and roofed with arched brick work

Arabs Catching Sharks at Aden

[Leisure Hours Magazine]

The way the Arabs catch sharks is very curious and interesting and is not unlike that of playing a heavy [illegible] hook is not very sharp and the bait a piece of garbage of some kind A piece of shark too rancid to eat and the line which is very strong is wound round a thick piece of wood [illegible] distance from the shore and the head both to prevent the teeth of the fish and to the other end is fastened to a huge cable which acts as a float When a shark takes the bait and the alarm about but can not get away by reason of length of time and the fish is taken off after him in their canoes and when they get hold of the fish they play their captive until he is actually drowned

The shark that was now on the hook was a young tartar and before the two Arabs in the canoe which was playing him was capsized and the two men who formed her crew swam into the water Give way my lads said the tenant and both boats started away the crew straining every nerve to save the swimmers from their dangerous position, the water literally swarming with sharks, and in a few minutes the men were picked up and the canoe righted The Englishmen had all their nation fond of short next went after the float which could be seen being towed hither and thither as the shark tried to free itself from the encumbrance but the Arabs when they saw their intention shouted and gesticulated to prevent them from doing so and a second canoe put off from the dhow to assist in playing the shark

With some little trouble the line was again secured and after about two hours hard work during which Johnny Shark several times nearly mastered his captors, he was at length killed and dragged upon the rocks where the English as he was such a huge monster to the curiosity to measure him, when he proved to be the enormous length of forty three feet ten inches This was the largest shark they had ever seen though both boats had oars dashed by the ravenous brutes and on one occasion the same whaler when boarding a dhow at night from the ship, had the rudder carried away by one

The Loyal English Plate.

[London Truth]

A large amount of very valuable plate was sent to Castle one from Windsor while for the royal wedding The necessity of bringing everything from London or Windsor was one of the most tiresome and expensive matters connected with the affair but as to the rate the lord steward ought not to be allowed it to be taken to Osborne where there could be no adequate arrangements for its safe keeping It is said that plate to the value of 50,000 pounds sterling was temporarily removed from Windsor The plate there is worth in round figures nearly 500,000 and it is all crown property—which means practically that it belongs to the nation. If a single spoon were lost it would have to be replaced by the queen

Full lists are kept by the lord chamberlain and the lord steward of the plate and furniture at the royal palaces which belong to the crown distinguished from the private property of the queen and whenever a crown article of any kind is moved from one palace to another a memorandum of the fact is registered in order that in due course it may be reclaimed for the palace to which it properly belongs Pictures are often transferred, but hitherto the crown plate has always been kept at Windsor When there is a state banquet at the castle the plate on the tables is usually worth at least 250,000 pounds sterling and considering the superhuman cleverness of thieves in these days it may be hoped there will be no more such slovenly arrangements as characterized the recent wedding It is said that the Windsor crown plate was actually deposited in one of the tents in the Castle grounds

Signs of the Diathesis Diagnostician

To think that any one can be a good specialist without a thorough knowledge of the broad foundations of medicine is as absurd as to suppose that a man could settle the doctrine of the Trinity or unravel the subtleties of the Athanasian without knowing the general principles of grammar On the other hand general physicians who treat all complaints constitutionally are frequently to be met with The harm done in the latter case is very serious, for the neglect of local measures is irremediable when destruction of important parts or narrowing of vital passages has taken place

How often is general debility accountable for symptoms for which a well defined local cause could easily be found by those who know where and how to seek for it How many local sins has rheumatism been made to answer for and gout that refuge of the destitute diagnostician As for those universal scapegoats the stomach and the liver the local symptom which those organs are credited with the power of producing are as the sands on the seashore Nerves are so—the old synonym for the obsolete lien and the still more rococo term sent any puzzled pundit into fits when pressed for an explanation of sensations and symptoms

The Fantees Dead.

Boston Budget

The Fantee of Africa is religious if anything He lives mainly hourly in terror with departed friends to whom he owes offerings and feels that they are near him We never meet an attentive Fantee He may revile his gods when they do not please him but he believes the ever living power of good as well as the two evil ones is bound by one tie—that of the priesthood He is ever kneeling before his house that they may be near him This custom no doubt is probably the first religion—that of the dead.

Notice It.

The earthquake in France at Ischia's formation of the world was neither hear [illegible] men at work in the coal mines beneath.

Emancipation in Brazil.

[Christian Herald]

The emancipation of the slaves in Brazil is a prospect which appears likely to be realized in the near future with out ill-feeling or resentment on the part of the owners The chamber of deputies is engaged in discussing the details of the scheme with a practical good sense which augurs success The king has already emancipated all government slaves, so the question now only concerns those held by private owners. The bill now under debate proposes the immediate liberation of all slaves over 60 years old It is believed that this provision alone will turn more than 100,000 slaves into freedmen But since to many worn out in service self support might be anything but a boon, it is provided that the masters must take care of the sick and infirm among them and provision is made for the labor of those still able to work A new registration is to be made of all slaves under 60 years with an exact valuation of them, according to ages

It is provided that certain payments from the emancipation fund shall be made by preference for the liberation of the slaves of those planters who will free their slaves after five years service, on receiving outright half the valuation of them as compensation Another clause which has done much to satisfy the planters, is the one that imports free labor for plantations at the government's expense Thus it is probable that the planters will so far accept the plan for five years service and half compensation that the years 1890 and 1891 should the present bill be passed will witness almost universal emancipation.

A Practical Lesson.

[Boston Transcript.]

Mr. W—— is quite an elderly, wealthy gentleman having for his second wife a lady many years his junior and much petted Any expressed wish of hers he has at once gratified if money could be the medium One evening she remarked in her charming way I saw to day at —— store, a lovely cardinal Cashmere shawl, that I want ever so much Would you bring home to morrow a check Its only $1,500

Yes, dear he replied I will bring the money, and the next evening, with the assistance of his porter he did bring home and placed on the parlor table 1,500 silver dollars At the sight of this pile of metal, weighing nearly 100 pounds the wife exclaimed

What are you going to do with all that money

Why love, it's the money you wanted for the new shawl

Does it take all that to make $1,500? Why I had no idea it meant so much I will do without the shawl and will put it all in the savings bank if you will let me She did so and has since added several sums to the deposit Mr W—— affirms, on his honor, that since that evening she has not asked for a quarter part so much money as before the incident The above is not a fancy sketch. It all really happened

A Dyak Wedding

[American Field]

The tie of wedlock appears to be exceedingly loose And yet considerable ceremony is indulged in upon the celebration of a marriage The bride and groom, who arrive at the spot from different parts of the village (as in our own custom) are seated side by side upon two bars of iron—which are supposed to indicate the lasting endurance of the marriage tie—and thereupon the priest, or very commonly an older relative or a member of the bridal party, takes a fowl in each hand and waves them over their heads he then solemnly knocks their heads together three or four times, invoking blessings upon them meanwhile. The bridegroom then puts betel nut into the mouth of the bride and offers her the cheroot he has held in his hand during the ceremony, and she does the same by him They are then married

A copper basin is sometimes substituted for the iron bars in marriages of the higher classes upon this the bride and groom sit vis-a-vis holding each other by the hand It is to be observed that neither makes any promises to the other—which is very sensible indeed of them—and the invocation is simply a kind of hope that it will turn out well

Gen. Grant's Advice to His Son.

Interview with Ex Minister Young]

'The meaning of this is that Grant never told a lie in his life, nor anything that looked like a lie or an equivocation in this point he was singularly clear, honest, and imperative I remember asking one of his sons one time talking as we did of domestic life Was your father a severe father when you were a boy? Had he any special precepts to give? I am curious to know what so great a man might instruct his children? 'No, was the response My father was always close to me considerate generous and never gave me but one instruction—never lie Living he would say is the foundation of all crimes and follies That is the only instruction I can recall from my father

The Latest Idea.

Chicago Herald

Johnny, are you ambitious to be a great man and have fame when you die

Yes teacher

And how do you propose to become great

Make enough money to build me a monument—and build it myself to make sure

Something Wrong with Him

Whenever a man can laugh he is in need of liver regulator There's something wrong with him Many a fellow in this country has mistaken a disordered liver for religion—a miserable dose it is to carry I don't care whether a man laughs or cries at church I want to know whether he's a good business man or father and a good neighbor

The Reason Why

Exchange]

You may say what you like, mother George no longer loves me But child how did you get that silly notion into your head Oh very simply and only too quickly When he takes me home nowadays he always chooses the shortest route!

TO A MAID.

[Flora N Montgomery]

Just listen here my little maid,
A woman grows not in a day
Up like a weed—that's not the way
To be a noble womanly maid.

There lies your fortune all a space,
Days that are numbered up in heav'n
No longer life to us is given
By making of our years a race.

Be patient, choose your company,
The very best that you can find—
The same rule goes with book—and m
What er you do—be womanly

A woman if she sees aright
And is not blinded in her youth
By flattery and bold untruth,
Is God's best, purest light.

PAINTED WITH A HAIR

The Marvelous Art Work of an Eng Microscopist.

[New York Sun

A microscopic fancier of this who does not ride his hobby out of home, and would not for the world low himself to be interviewed upon pet subject for a newspaper, entertained the other evening at his house a company of persons He walked to a table standing in the center of the room, which was his favorite microscope.

'I have several little things to tell that are not known except by microscopists. Here is a slip of glass, for stance," he continued, as he picked narrow glass slide, which contained the representation of a beautiful bouquet of flowers The representation when looked at with the naked eye, scarcely be seen at all It simply like a small shot The bouquet, when you look at it through the instrument contains, as you can discover, eight two distinct flowers of various shapes and colors, and each is as perfect as would be possible for an artist to resent it on canvas The entire bouquet, containing all the flowers, leaves etc., were made from the scales hair of the Brazilian butterflies. dust from the wings of the butterfly was picked up and placed in position Henry Dalton of London, who is dead. Dalton, with the aid of a microscope, picked up one particle dust at a time on the end of a hair adjusted it to the slide in such a manner that when his task was finished bouquet assumed its present beautiful and perfect form.

Although Dalton was dissipated excelled most of his imitators in his particular line of art Among microscopists his works are prized as highly the works of the great masters in painting are valued by artists who work can as A painter who can paint complete scene on a surface as small a slee e butt n is considered skilful yet Dalton used a single hair for brush and dealt with particles of ter scarcely visible to the naked which he placed in their respective sitions with the aid of his microscope with such accuracy that he finally duced his representations, which are correct in every detail that artists have examined them critically been almost overcome with astonishment. This is what I call one of wonderful achievements of the century

He was a fast worker, and, by long almost incessantly, he could finish it I think, in the course of a week ten days. The Dalton slides are very valuable in America. There not more than fifty Dalton slides in this country and they can scarcely be purchased for love or money In fact, as said before they are as highly prized by microscopists, throughout the world as a painting by a celebrated master Painted I have also one or two of slides executed by artists not so well as Dalton Gray's Elegy," consisting thirty two verses, has been photographed by the aid of a microscope a slide within a space of one-tenth of inch square and is perfectly legible when read through a powerful instrument

The company looked through the instrument and saw, among other objects, the tongue of a fly, the toe of a gnat, the digestive apparatus flea, the eyebrow of an insect too fine to be detected with the naked eye circulation of the blood in a muscle jugular vein, an abscess on the back a fly's neck a fracture in an ant's corbone, and a thousand other extraordinary sights.

The "Greenbacks."

[Ben Perley Poore]

'Old Greenbacks was the soubriquet given to Secretary Chase in the early from the green ink with which the backs of the United States paper money was printed This ink was invented by Stacy Jadson and patented in as anti photographic It could not be photographed on account of its color and could not be dislodged by alkalies the counterfeiters to get a commercial simile of the bills, and as it was secret known only by the American Bank Note company and the inventor it was impossible to counterfeit the greenback money It was used by many banks before the war but was never a leading feature in the bill until even if the composition of the ink had been known it would have been of no use as the word could not be copied on the genuine bills with any kind of ink The date of the patent could be seen on all the bills in small print.

Old Green Spinner wanted to have Congress enact a law making the counterfeiting of national notes a capital offense as was once the case in Great Britain and to have them print the legend which had been on the bills *then issued by the Bank of England*

To Counterfeit is Death

Never Go to Bed Hungry

Exchange]

Rev Edward Everett Hale believes in good living and considerable of it for the literary man He works from half to sixty minutes before breakfast takes a cup of weak coffee and a soda biscuit He has five meals after that. A hearty breakfast is one, an extended lunch another, dinner at 2 30 is the third, tea at 6 or 7 the fourth and supper usually before bed time the fifth. Never go to bed *in any danger of being hungry* one of his mottoes People are often awake by hunger quite as much as by bad conscience.'

Cure of Dyspepsia

Irregular eating at restaurants is becoming a fruitful source of dyspepsia in our cities, according to an eminent writer on hygiene

NEWSPAPER ARCHIVE®

FARM AND GARDEN

Nut-Bearing Trees.

Years ago the Yankee grandmother of some persons who are now gray headed dug a small hole in her backyard and planted a small nut. The story goes even back of pecan tree. The story goes even back of that. This Yankee grandmother planted the pecan nuts in the first place from which the baby trees came. Not many of the nuts sprouted, for the hickory tribe, to which the pecan belongs, is of shy growth and rather difficult to reproduce. But several tender green shoots came up. They were carefully fostered, and two or three of them started on the way to become trees.

That was more years ago than several of Mme. Stark's grandchildren would like to tell, for some of them are ladies and not married yet. Anyway it was "befo' the wah."

The tender green sprout that was planted in the back yard is now perhaps twenty-five feet high. It bears many quarts of nuts every year. They are fat, crisp and rich. They are as much better than the ordinary pecan of commerce as a home made pumpkin pie is better than that the baker makes.

The good dame's descendants are scattered far and wide. She herself long ago turned to dust. But every winter the choicest package that the Christmas season brings, wherever in the states the grandchildren and great-great grandchildren are, is a bag of nuts from grandmother's Stark's pecan tree. Her name is perpetuated through this tree. After all else about her shall be forgotten, because of this one deed she did, she will be remembered.

FIG. 1 FIG. 2.

Plant nut trees. It will not take more than ten minutes to put a slip of one into the ground, and an hour a year will take care of it. In time it will be a beautiful shade tree. The delicious nuts will be profitable for sale. After you are dead and gone, you will be remembered through being the one that planted for your remote posterity. This memorial will be more beautiful and lasting than a marble monument.

We have been at pains to select illustrations of some nut-bearing trees which are most available for North America. This is the native home of the hickory family. They are hardy, so far as we know, all over the United States. Fig 1 shows the pecan nut, sometimes called the Illinois nut. The tree is beautiful. The ordinary nut of commerce may be planted to produce the trees. Usually, however, it is the quickest way to procure young trees already started from a nursery.

Fig. 2 represents the Hales' paper shell hickory nut. It is a solid and comparatively smooth nut, the surface not being so deeply cut into by ridges of shell as most hickory nuts are. It is not so well known as some of the rest, but it is a very excellent variety. Seeds may perhaps be procured from the name-sake of the nut, Mr. H. Hales, of Ridgewood, Bergen county, N. J.

ENGLISH WALNUT.

In the accompanying illustration we have a superior variety of the so-called English walnut. Its proper name is the Madeira nut, or that, perhaps, is not its right name either, since it came from Persia and the Himalaya mountains in the first place. It was transplanted into Europe more than 2,000 years ago. It used to grace the feasts of the old Romans.

A curious fact about this nut is that while it is called "English" walnut it will not mature at all in England, except in the very warmest parts of that country. It grows, however, in all districts of Great Britain as an ornamental tree, and is highly prized for that purpose. It would be interesting to know just how far north this valuable fruit will mature in the United States. It is known to do admirably in the middle and southern states. There are trees that thrive well and produce good crops in latitude 44½. It does this on the Atlantic seaboard. Whether it would do so inland and on western plains remains to be seen. On all accounts it is desirable that our farming population should begin to pay serious attention to the culture of nut-bearing trees. We want to know just what trees of that kind will grow and thrive best in all the various parts of this great big country. Our common black walnut will grow everywhere, we believe, but although the wood is one of the most valuable known the nut is inferior.

A hint to those who are wise is sufficient on the subject of nut-bearing trees. Allen, in his admirable Farm Book, says that walnut, hickory and butternut trees deserve much more attention than they receive, considering the value of their timber as well as their fruit.

Preparing Wheat Ground.

[Indiana Farmer.]

Plowing for wheat should commence as early as possible after harvest. Several reasons require this early plowing. First, the ground is not likely to be so dry and hard as it often becomes late in August and in September. Although the weather is then unusually hot, yet teams will average more ground per day than later with dryer ground. Many farmers put off wheat plowing until dry weather compels them to cease and wait for rains. These rains sometimes come so late that seeding is necessarily put off so long that the young grain gets but a weak start before winter. But if the plowing is done early the ground may then be, if needed, harrowed and rolled, thus so pulverizing it, that light rains would moisten it deep enough for seeding, which would not aid in breaking up. The writer recollects several seasons when in his own seeding this was the case. In one instance, by persevering under great difficulty in preparing twenty-seven acres, light rains enabled him to seed in good time, and he harvested some five bushels per acre more than did several of his neighbors, who on account of drouth deferred plowing until the late fall rains. As wheat was then $2 per bushel, $10 per acre well paid for the extra labor.

Second, the soil after plowing needs the sun and air to pulverize and enrich it. All experienced farmers are familiar with this fact. If any farmers are not it is high time they learn it.

Third, by early plowing the ground has more time to settle and become compact, a condition which greatly resists the action of the frosts in heaving it up and loosening the roots of the wheat. Wheat needs a level and very mellow surface, in which it can spread its tiny roots, and where, if the underlying soil is compact, it will take firm hold. In fact, ground plowed soon after harvest can hardly be made too compact for a good wheat yield. The experiment has been tried of having race and driving tracks around wheat fields, either just before or just after seeding, and invariably the best yield would be on the track, and this for the two reasons that the body of the soil was firmly compacted and that the surface was very finely pulverized. If farmers had time to spend three or four days on every acre, after plowing, with a roller, they would find the time well spent. A farmer not long since told me that soon after plowing a part of his wheat field an unusually heavy rain fell, which fairly impacted the ground. Soon as it was sufficiently dry he finished plowing. The field was all seeded at the same time. But in preparing the first part for the drill he had to weight the harrow heavily, and even then the seed was not near all covered. The other part was mellow, and worked well. The difference in the crops was nearly 50 per cent. in favor of the compact ground. Instances of this character could be given without limit, and they all teach the advantage of early plowing, of compacting the soil and of fining the surface.

Milk Fever in Cows.

E. A. A. Grange is professor of veterinary science in the Agricultural College of Michigan. He has been recently making experiments on parturient apoplexy, or milk fever in cows. He has found that a wet sheet pack will save the animals nearly every time. It produces profuse sweating, by which the disease is thrown off. The symptoms are stoppage of the flow of milk, or diminished quantity, distress of countenance, flow of water from the eyes, a constant lifting of the hind feet, and a staggering gait. Finally the cow lies down, flings her head to the right side and keeps it there. She takes no interest in her calf and at length goes into a stupor.

Professor Grange's treatment with the cold wet sheet pack is as follows: Wring a bed sheet out of cold water and spread it over the cow while in a standing position. If one is not large enough, sew two together. Cover this with a pair of warm, light blankets or thick cotton comforters, and over all tuck in a rubber blanket or oilcloth, to keep the heat in. Cover the legs and feet up warm with straw or woolens. Restless animals must be watched constantly, to keep the pack in place. Tying cold wet cloths upon the head will reduce the fever and have a quieting influence. Do not let the cow lie down upon her side. Pack bags of straw up about her sides to prevent this.

In half an hour the cow will be sweating profusely. Let her continue to do so for an hour or more, till the skin begins to get cool. Then give her a second pack in the same manner. Be careful that the cow does not take cold while changing the cloths. In twelve hours, sometimes half as long, she will be relieved. Keep her on soft diet for a week afterwards, with a little daily exercise. Before applying the pack rub the animal with fresh table mustard along the backbone, about four inches on each side, from shoulders to tail. Rub with this for a quarter of an hour, and let it remain on two days. Then apply the pack. The treatment requires thoroughness and constant care, and should not be left to mere hired help. Keep the bladder emptied and the milk drawn off.

Abortion in dairy cows is becoming more and more common under the present high pressure system. To prevent it Professor Grange recommends black haw powder, administered when the symptoms begin to appear. Give two ounces of the powder two to three times a day.

Plum Curculio.

To catch the curculio the trees must be jarred early in the morning or in the evening, for the pests are active and readily fly away in the middle of the day. The jarring should be sudden, a mere shaking will not do. To avoid bruising the bark, it is a good plan to saw off a branch, leaving a stump several inches long on which to strike with a heavy mallet; or a hole may be bored in the tree into which a broad headed iron spike should be inserted to receive the blow. A small tree may be jarred by hand. Except in the middle of the day or on warm nights the curculio will not fly, but will fold its legs close to its body, turn its snout under its breast, and drop to the ground, or into the sheet that is spread to catch it, when it can be killed.

Dairy Schools.

[American Dairyman.]

There should be dairy schools attached to most of the agricultural colleges, where girls as well as boys could attend and learn how to make butter and cheese. Why should not the women of the land have a chance to get some of the abundance of information to be had at our agricultural colleges? Surely the women have to work on farms, and hard, too.

How to Keep Onions.

Onions keep best in a cool, dry place. If they get frozen let them stay so, or until they thaw of their own accord, but avoid handling them when frozen. I have been very successful in keeping them by spreading out thinly on the floor of a dry, cool room. I keep my sets in the same way by mixing a quantity of sawdust with them.

Things to Do and to Know.

Only the chicken business is good these dull times.

Do not permit calves to suckle the cow too late in the fall.

The United States can raise beef and hogs cheaper than any other country.

The exports of pork this year have been larger than those of a year ago, up to date.

Copperas mixed with the whitewash put upon the cellar walls will keep vermin away.

Ceilings that have been smoked by a kerosene lamp should be washed off with soda water.

Southern negroes say that melons grown on the edge of swamps give the fever to persons who eat them.

The decomposition and souring of milk are caused by the growth in it of minute living organisms. The germs of these get into it from the air.

The western cattle plains are already stocked almost up to their limits. Raise and fatten a few beef cattle at home for market. This makes the best beef, anyhow.

Try beef fattening this winter. But if you buy the cattle look out that you don't get cheated in them. Worn out old cows in calf are apt to be palmed off on the unwary about this time of year. It is best generally not to veal the calves on your own farm, but to raise them and make beef cattle of them.

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Little Hero.

Jerome McDougall is 8 years old. He lives at Hoboken, N. J. He is a pretty boy, with a refined face, a handsome head, and clear cut features. He has a long, straight nose and a bright, keen blue eye. He is a very plucky little fellow, as brave as a lion. He is a good boy at school, and can read and write. Jerome is fond of athletic sports, can run fast, and jump and play leap frog with the best. Young as he is, too, he can swim. How many boys 8 years old can do that?

Up to this summer Jerome has been just a good, bright, active little boy who learned his lessons well and had a good deal of fun. But this summer he did something which will distinguish him all his life. When his school was out he went for the vacation to a place called Bowery Bay, on the coast of Long Island. If you look on the map you can see it.

It was at Hoboken that Jerome learned to swim. It is much easier for little boys to do this than for grown people. Big men's joints are stiff, and their bones and muscles are heavy. So boys and girls, too, be sure to learn to swim when you are little.

JEROME M'DOUGALL.

At Bowery Bay there was a bathing house, and many persons went into the bracing salt water every day. A bathing master was there, too, who gave lessons in swimming and looked out that nobody was drowned. From him the boy learned. Jerome was a very apt scholar there as everywhere else. He was so active, so light and so fearless that he learned very quickly. He remembered all the master's directions. He could dive to the bottom, could float upon his back, and paddle like a dog. It was a pretty sight to see him plunging in from a height, coming up again, and shaking the foam from his face and ears. Then his slim, white body darted through the green water like a fish.

Sometimes, though, the boys went in swimming without the bathing master. Among the boys was Jerome's cousin Tom. Jerome was only 8, but Tom was 13. Although Tom was such a big boy, he could not swim. His friends tried to instruct him, and he tried with all his might to do it. There is one very cruel way that boys have of giving lessons in this art. They take a fellow out beyond his depth and then simply let go of him, and let him kick his way out again, sink or swim, strangle or keep his breath. Don't ever do that, boys.

It was what poor Tom's friend did, however. His brother had taught him to swim that way, he said. Out they went, over head. Then the other boy turned and swam to shore, leaving Tom to struggle as best he might. But it was a losing game from the beginning. Tom went to the bottom like lead. He rose again, throwing up his arms and screaming and crying for help. He was drowning, and he knew it.

By that time his friend was dressing. He heard Tom's cry, but thought he was only "playing possum," pretending to be in danger. That is another very foolish thing that boys do. A boy has been drowned more than once because his friends thought he was only fooling.

But little Jerome, with his quick eye and clear brain, knew better. He saw the frantic struggles of the drowning boy, and knew that they meant earnest. Fortunately, he was just getting ready to go into the water, and had his clothes off at that moment.

In a flash he remembered what the bathing master had told him to do.

"Take a long breath, Tom," he cried.

Then he plunged in. Tom had sunk twice and come up as the little hero got to him. The drowning one clutched Jerome by the throat. He had lost his head. But Jerome put up his own hands and tore Tom away from his neck. The bathing master had told the boys what a drowning person grabbed them by the throat to kick him in the stomach. "Then he will let go," said the master.

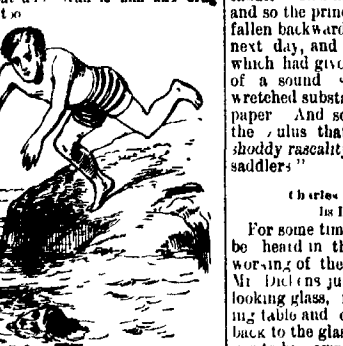
But Jerome did not have to do this. He loosened Tom's hands without that. How do you think this plucky little boy got the big one to shore? Well, he clutched him then by the hair with one hand, and with the other swam to land.

"What did Tom say to you?" asked a lady.

"I brought him to shore," said he, "and he came to himself, then he thanked me," said Jerome.

Jerome is a modest lad. But I'm sure he will never forget it as long as he lives.

Jerome had been talking to his papa a few days before that about a man drowning. Jerome said he didn't think he could ever jump in the water to rescue anybody, for fear the person would grab him by the throat and strangle him and drag him down, too.



"TAKE A LONG BREATH, TOM."

"But you wouldn't let anybody drown before your eyes, would you?" asked his papa.

That was a tough question for the boy. He didn't stop to argue about it, though, when it came to the scratch, but just jumped in in an instant and saved his big cousin's life.

Jerome's parents are very proud of him now. So are his uncles and aunts, and all his kin. As for me, I am proud of his acquaintance, and glad to have the privilege of telling all you young people this story.

ELLEN ANCHARD.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN OSTRICH.

Value of Plumage—Eating an Ostrich Egg—The Flesh as a Food.

[Patagonia Letter in New York Sun.]

At any of the trading posts in Punta Arenas you can buy for $8 or $10 a rug that represents the breasts of twelve or fifteen young ostriches, and even that low price gives the trader a profit of many hundred per cent., as a few drinks of whisky makes the Indian susceptible to persuasion. If the government of Chili were to sell the monopoly of trading in ostrich skins and feathers to a few fair minded men, the birds would multiply enormously, and the beauty of their plumage be very much increased. The best plumes are worth $40 or $50 a pound in the market, and are much improved by the proper care of the bird. Those that run wild have their feathers torn by bushes and ruined by mud, and the better the quality of food they receive the better the plumes they produce. Ostriches usually live to be 20 or more years old, and they do not fall a prey to hunters or pumas (Patagonian lions), and after they have reached the age of 4 or 5 years they can be made to produce a couple of pounds of plumes annually. The American ostrich is said not to be so good as that of Africa, but experts say that it is only because the latter has been cultivated, while the former has been permitted to run wild, eating such food as he can pick up on the pampas, preyed upon by pumas and wolves, and tearing his coat to tatters by plunging through the brush.

The popular supposition that an ostrich never lays but one egg and drops that anywhere upon the sand is nonsense. The female lays as many eggs annually as a goose or a hen, and covers them with as much care, usually digging a hole in the sand with her feet and depositing her eggs in it daily until the time for incubation comes, when she sits regularly upon them and is fed by her mate. Very often eggs are found singly upon the desert, dropped in a chase or when the bird is unable to reach her nest.

The egg of the ostrich is equal in size and nourishment to about two dozen ordinary hen's eggs, and sometimes weighs three pounds. The flavor is wholesome, and an omelette made of them could not be detected. One egg makes a good meal for half a dozen hearty persons, and the Indians use them very extensively. They are often used by the residents of Punta Arenas, and are sold to passing vessels for food, but there is great risk in purchasing the eggs of the ostrich, the shells being so dense as to prevent accurate judgment as to their merit. A decaying hen's egg will not sink in water, because of the gases inside the shell, but no such rule can be applied to the eggs of the ostrich. They will sink in water whether good or bad, and when a bad one is opened the odor is sufficient to destroy the peace of the entire village. Many a camp on the pampas has been removed a long distance because of the indiscretion of a cooke who has broken an egg instead of tapping it with the tip of his hunting knife, and it is said that the stench of a very antique one can be heard for several miles. When an egg is tapped and found to be rotten, the hole is immediately covered with a quid of tobacco, if the cook happens to have one in his mouth, otherwise he claps on a chunk of mud, and immediately digs a hole in which the cause of offense is buried.

The flesh of the young ostrich is wholesome and palatable, having a gamy flavor, however, resembling that of the wild turkey of the North American woods. The tongue and brains are much coveted by epicures, and used to be set before the potentates of ancient times when they gave swell dinner parties. The breasts are the best part of the body, and are roasted or broiled, while any portion makes an excellent soup or stew. He who happens to tackle an old bird, however, if he is in a hungry and a quarrelsome mood, will discover that there are other things tougher than sole leather. The philosopher who announced that the world offered no obstacles that human patience and ingenuity could not overcome, never attempted to satisfy hunger by eating an ancient ostrich.

How Prince Louis Napoleon Was Lost.

[Pore Ives.]

Mr. Forbes describing the death of Prince Louis Napoleon mentions a fact not hitherto known, which shows upon what slight causes momentous events sometimes hang.

The prince never got mounted at all. His horse was restive and would not stand. He ran by the side of the beast, one hand holding the reins, and clutching the pommel, the other in the cantle of the saddle. I resently he was seen by a trooper, who looked back, to let go his grip of the saddle and fall backward, the horse escaping at a headlong gallop. The trooper thought the prince was shot but this was not so. The strap band of leather linking the holsters and crossing the pommel of the saddle was what his right hand had been clutching as he strove to spring into the saddle. This had torn under the strain, and so the prince had lost his grip and fallen backward. I inspected the rents next day, and I found that the band which had given away, was made, not of a sound stout leather, but of a wretched substance that seemed brown paper. And so, in a sense, it was not the Zulus that killed Louis, but the shoddy rascality of a firm of Woolwich saddlers."

Charles Dickens at Work.

[In Daughter Mamie.]

For some time there was no sound to be heard in the room but the rapid working of the pen. Then, suddenly, Mr. Dickens jumped up, went to the looking glass, rushed back to his writing table and otted down a few words back to the glass again this time talking to his own reflection, or, rather, the simulated expression he saw there and was trying to catch before drawing it in words, then back again to his writing. After a little he got up again and stood with his back to the glass, talking softly and rapidly for a long time, after looking at his daughter but certainly never seeing her, then once more went back to his table and to steady writing until luncheon time. It was a curious experience and a wonderful thing to see him throwing himself so entirely out of himself and into the character he was writing about.

DROWNED.

[New Orleans Times-Democrat from Balzac.]

Fifty dollars a month is not much of a salary, but I had arrived only a fortnight before, and had no acquaintances in the country, therefore I could not presume to ask for better terms. My two pupils, M. Rabut assured me, were very well behaved children, the girl was just 15, already a young lady, and the 10 year old boy was equally apt at study. After all I was only required to give five hours a day to teaching, the rest of my time was altogether my own, to be devoted either to work or sleep, as I pleased. "And, remember," he said, "your pavilion is at such a distance from the family residence that you can feel perfectly at home there and perfectly quiet. Of course everybody will treat you with the consideration due to your position in the household. You will observe that my poor old mother's head is a little weak, but she is the kindest of souls."

I accept the situation.

Ombreville is situated on the heights of Moka. The mule itself walked quite cautiously up the ascents, and as I was careful to keep the animal at a walk on the descents also, I came to the conclusion that I might just as well walk. I got down. Without troubling himself further about my wishes, the black who guided the vehicle soon began to urge his animal rapidly along the road, which made a sharp turn at the bottom of a long, steep slope. When I reached the turn both vehicle and negro had disappeared. I was all alone. I reckoned that there was scarcely another league to travel and it was not quite 7 o'clock, I would be able to be in time for breakfast.

It was in April. A threatening storm had been growing all the day before on the other side of Le Pouce summit on either side of the road the trees, drenched in torrential rain, shook down showers of water from the leaves with every breath of wind the water of the ditches to right and left ran with a loud murmur under the shadow of the high grass the air was fresh and all impregnated with sweet smells the sun still hung at the edge of the forest curtain, it was a delight to walk. From the bottom of my heart I thanked the intelligent black who had imposed this pleasure upon me, and I continued on my way.

As I walked on I began to dream. What future did this new land hold in reserve for me? I had not come to it with any idea of making a fortune (although a young man of 25, I had acquired enough common sense to save me from such illusions, but only to earn a good living, and to lay by enough to enable me, when an old man, to return to France and sleep at last under the shadow of my own village spire.

Meanwhile, after half an hour's walk, I had reached a point at which three different roads forked off from the main one. One of them, I knew, must lead to Ombreville, but which? I invoked the Triple Hecate, sat down upon a rock, and waited.

A negro, passing on the run, pointed out to me which road to take. Soon I caught sight of the lofty chimney of the sugar mill then the house itself, buried in a thick grove of mango trees, and as I feared being late, I quickened my step. Under the verandah, already crowded, I saw people rushing back and forward—running and no one noticed me as I ascended the front steps except a big fat negress crouching at the entrance, who sobbed and cried with renewed despair at my coming. There, on a sofa, at full length, lay a young girl, almost a child. Her long bright hair, all streaming with water, fell over the back of the sofa, and had dripped upon the verandah until a little pool had formed upon the flags. She was whiter than a piece of marble, the violets of death were on her compressed lips, her lifeless arms lay rigidly straight by her side and M. Rabut, on his knees beside her, was kissing one of her hands.

"Drowned, my dear sir, she got drowned," said a good old lady of about 60 years of age who came to me, holding out her hand in the friendliest manner imaginable. "But you must have walked here," she continued, "you must be tired, of course you will take something, Myrtil!"

"Mamma, oh! mamma!" exclaimed M. Rabut raising his head, "oh, see! he said to me with a sob, "you see she was bathing; the river suddenly rose, and—"

His head fell forward again over the little white hand, to which his lips clung.

"Myrtil, Myrtil!" again cried the good lady, "bring a glass of Madeira to the gentleman. Or perhaps you would prefer something else?"

I questioned the family. The girl had not been twenty minutes under water. And yet they had done nothing—had not even tried to do anything.

I gave my orders briefly, they were obeyed.

They had laid her on her back. I lifted her head so that it leaned sideways on the left. Her teeth were clenched. How cold her lips seemed when I pressed my own upon them! The poor father, senseless with grief, allowed us to do as we thought best, and the grandmother walked hurriedly to and fro, busy, fussy, always calling Myrtil, and declaring "the breakfast will never be ready, and here are all the people coming."

And a carriage in fact suddenly drew up before the front steps. Two young girls descended with a happy burst of laughter. I can see them even now as they stopped, looked, turned pale, and stood there with arms twined about each other's waists, and eyes big with terror—silent and motionless.

Half an hour had passed. What! was not that a flush we saw, mounting to the colorless cheeks. Oh! how fervent a prayer I uttered that moment to the good God! And it seemed to me the arm I held became less rigid.

At that moment a horseman came up at full gallop.

"Myrtil, Myrtil!—take the doctor's horse to the stable!" cried the good lady, descending the steps to meet the physician. "Ah, doctor, I knew it!—your powder could not do me any good. The whole night, doctor, I was in pain. Ah! how badly I slept!"

The doctor came directly to us.

"Good young man—very good, indeed that is just what should have been done. But you forgot about the titillations in the pit of the stomach."

A physician is privileged—I withdrew.

"Come, come!" he cried in a joyous tone, after a few moments had passed. "We are all right now—we shall get off with nothing worse than a fright! Why, you old coward, have I not already told you so. Here! let me see a happier face on you!" And he gave M. Rabut a vigorous slap on the shoulder.

Then, suddenly turning to me he asked

"But you—where are you from! I don't remember ever seeing you here before."

"I came from Brittany, doctor, by way of Paris and Port Louis."

"Look look!" he had already turned his back upon me, "she is opening her eyes!"

M. Rabut involuntarily seized my hand, and dragged me to the sofa.

She opened her eyes. They were blue—the eyes I always liked best.

"Helene! my poor Helene!" murmured the poor father, stooping to kiss her forehead.

"Gentle!—you!" exclaimed the doctor, pulling him back. "Let her have air, if you please!"

Mr. Rabut drew back, without letting go my hand.

Myrtil returned from the stable.

"Myrtil!—Myrtil!—well, how about that breakfast? Is it going to be ready to day, or to morrow?"

"Ma foi! I'm ready for it!" cried the doctor. "That gallop gave me a ferocious appetite."

"Why, Myrtil!—serve the Madeira to those gentlemen!"

This time Myrtil obeyed.

It was 4 in the afternoon when I left my pavilion to return to the house. M. Rabut came to look for me on the verandah. "Come," he said, "you can see her now."

He brought me close to her bed. Her dear big blue eyes still had dark circles about them but the blood was circulating under the clear skin, for she blushed at my approach.

"This is he, my Helene if it hadn't been for him"—and his voice choked.

"Don't fret any more, papa! I am only sorry about my locket. Do you think they will ever be able to find it?"

The locket contained her mother's hair.

It was barely daylight when I reached the river. The negro who had taken her out of the water had shown me the evening before the precise spot where the current had carried her away, and also the place where he found her, about fifty yards further down. It was a long, narrow basin, shut in by great jamroses, whose tufted branches met above and stretched from one bank to the other. The pale light, filtering through the leaves, made gleams here and there upon the water like the reflection of molten lead, beyond the darkness was complete, it looked perfectly black there.

I dived, and brought up three flat pebbles! But breakfast would not be ready until 10 o'clock, I had plenty of time.

By 8 o'clock, the bottom of the basin had no mysteries for me. There was not a single cabot fish that I had not disturbed beneath his rock, not a single camaron that I had not compelled to crawl backward into his hole. But the locket was not there, accordingly it must be further down. I left the basin, and followed the course of the stream, interrogating all the roots, exploring all the boulders, questioning every tuft of grass. I was about to pass on, when I saw a little black serpent, like a thin silk string, caught upon the root of a wild strawberry plant, wriggling in the current. I seized it, it was the locket!

She would not come down to breakfast, but M. Rabut told me she would certainly come down to dinner. She was still a little weak, but that was all.

Man is a selfish creature, the medallion remained in my pocket.

While they were laying the table that evening, I stole softly into the dining-room. When her father had led her to her seat, and she unfolded her napkin, she found a little box in it.

What is this! another of your attempts to spoil me, papa?"

But the astonished look of M. Rabut must have convinced her more than his denial.

She opened the little box.

"My locket! my locket!" she cried, putting it to her lips and kissing it over and over again. I watched every kiss—I looked at her out of the corner of my eye. Finally her eyes met my own, she understood. But the little mysterious beauty did not even say "Thank you."

And the long and short of it is, dear sir, that I never gave my wife a single lesson.

Ah, yes, parbleu! I taught her how to swim.

Suicide and Intellectual Labor.

[New York Sun.]

The suicides were engaged in nearly *every kind of occupation, but the great* majority were farmers, merchants and laborers, though commonly it is supposed that the tendency to self-destruction is among men of strictly intellectual pursuits. But, in fact, suicide, like insanity, is less among those who work their minds chiefly, than among those who lead sluggish lives in which their intellectual faculties are not kept bright by use. New York, though the most populous of the states, had fewer suicides in 1884 than Illinois—168 to 169. Finally, the number of suicides in this country is small in comparison with *Europe. Out of the more than 25,000* cases of self-destruction which occur annually in Europe and the United States together, we furnish only about 1,600.

Log Wagons for South America.

[Chicago Times.]

At Indianapolis a manufacturer is turning out log wagons for service in the mahogany woods of South America. Each weighs 2,000 pounds and is up to a ten ton load on a rough road, the wheels have tires four inches wide and an inch thick, and the motive power will be ox teams of from eight to twenty yoke.

A Great Submerged Swamp.

[Exchange.]

Geologists think that southeast of Long Island, New York there is a great submerged swamp. Peat, fossil leaves, lignitic trunks, and branches are often rolled in upon the beach. It is believed, too, that the coast in that region is slowly settling.

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LOCAL NEWS.

FROM WEDNESDAY'S DAILY.

—Printers ink made my fortune.
A. T. STEWART.

—Wink Hurriman left with his horses today for Mt. Gilead.

—He who would in business rise,
Should all the year round—Advertise.

—Mr. Jas. T. Shoup, prosecuting attorney of Delaware county, is in town today.

—Give us a look on ladies' and children's underwear, Frash's New Dry Goods Store.

—The Bee Line system will uniform their conductors with the regular blue suits and brass buttons.

—Ed. Dorward and his sister, Gertrude, led the finest grand march of the season at the rink last night.

—The Upper Sandusky fair begins today. Almont and Ambassador trot in the free-for-all, there on Saturday.

—For every dollar I've spent for advertising I have got it back one hundred fold.
P. T. BARNUM.

—Mrs. Jennie Thomas, of the firm of Thomas & Merril, is in the city looking up the latest styles in wraps and millinery.

—Little Willie Sidney paid us a visit this morning, and with an eye to business said: "Be sure and give me a good notice."

—Huntington (Ind.) Herald: Mr. Wilfred Frash, of Marion, O., arrived in the city Saturday evening, to pass a few days with the "old folks at home."

—I spent $50,000 a year advertising my Detroit stores and done over a million dollars worth of business each year.
C. R. MABLEY.

—The ladies of the Marion Relief Association will serve their annual dinner and supper at their rooms in the Masonic block on election day, Tuesday, October 13th.

—A horse ran away with Jacob Frohn at Agosta, yesterday evening, and threw him on his face, cutting him about the head and knocking a couple of teeth down his throat.

—Art Bryan made his appearance at LaRue last night in Harry DeLong's play, "Trixy," and put onto the stage under the management of the author. Art made a hit.

—Owing to a rush of public business Professor Moran is unable to attend his private scholars and bands in adjoining towns this week. They will be patient and the professor will get there next week.

—George Webber, Monday afternoon, at Boston, completed the 100-mile bicycle road race of the Boston Bicycle Club in six hours and fifty-seven minutes, beating the world record by an hour. He rode a Star bicycle.

—Sandusky Local would like to see a law in Ohio against selling cigarettes to children under 16. Let the good work go on and extend it to dudes and infants under 20 If this law passed, how the Marion kids and dudes would suffer!

—The Misses Callahan, who are visiting Dominic Cusick and family, on Oak street, were tendered a social last night by the happy Stars. Everybody enjoyed themselves, and all went away well pleased.
ONE OF THEM.

—The loungers in the Hotel Marion office last night were treated to a rare sight. A couple of lady travelers from Peru, Ind., were waiting for a night train, and were sitting before the grate doing some fancy work with all the sang froid of a regular habitue.

—A large crowd was at the rink last night. Little Willie Sidney skated into favor at once, and captivated them all. Willie is certainly the best child-artist we have ever seen. He has perfect confidence in himself and performs all the difficult movements with an ease and grace that puts many so-called experts to shame. The little fellow is equally at home on the bicycle, and in his dude act in the grand march he is simply immense. Off of his skates Willie is one of the brightest and cutest little five-year-old boy's immaginable. This prodigy can be seen at the rink for the last time to-night.

The Accident.

Mrs. Forider is resting easy today and is doing as well as can be expected. Our informant was mistaken, she has no husband, but a grown up son and daughter, who are with her. Her limbs were broken below the knees and not above as stated in yesterday's STAR. It is a known fact that it is almost impossible to get the particulars of an accident of this kind from a railroad employee, and we tried hard yesterday to see some one who witnessed the accident. Today we have the statement of two reliable citizens who were at Bieber's mill when it occurred.

There are two sidetracks beside the main one crossing Oak street. Both sidings were covered with box cars on each side of the street, so it was impossible to see between the two from where young Forider was driving along. The engine was switching flat cars and had cut off three of these, and they were coming down the track out of sight of the driver and struck the wagon just as he was driving off. A brakeman was on ahead, but it is said the brake was broken. It is a wonder that no more accidents occur, and it is high time that people were protected at the railroad crossings. The Council meets tonight, and one of the best things they could do is to pass a law compelling the railroads to station a watchman at every crossing inside the corporation.

Marion Public Schools.

The following is a list of the number of pupils registered, remaining, enrolled, days school in session, tardiness, non-resident pupils, etc., etc., of the Public Schools of this city:

Whole number registered, 849; number remaining at date, 829; number boys, 400; number girls, 429; average weekly enrolment, 799; average daily attendance, 788; average per cent. of attendance, 95; number of days school was in session, 17; number perfect in attendance, 390; number cases of tardiness, 138; number cases of corporal punishment, 2; number non-resident pupils, 29; number visitors, 3.

A. G. UTOUFF, Supt.

Knight Templars.

A number of Knights Templars will leave here this evening at 5:43 for the meeting of the Grand Commandry at Cleveland. The Sir Knights will have their headquarters at the Forest City Hotel, and they will return Friday night. The following gentlemen leave from this place: Jas. Jacoby, Harvey Wilson, C. C. Pettit, W. E. Moore, G. S. McGuire, F. R Saiter, W. L. Clement, Jr., D. H. Cliffton, Chas. McElvey and Dr. N. O. Brenizer, of Prospect.

Base Ball.

The Mohawks were defeated at Galion yesterday afternoon in a score of 6 to 3. Ryn and Bishop was the battery for the home team. Ryn had a sore arm and was not so effective as usual, although only a few scattering hits were made off of his delivery. Weak at the bat was the reason our boys were defeated. The game this afternoon will be a good one.

Below is the score by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Mohawks	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2—3
Galion	5	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—6

Struck out by Neol—16.
Struck out by Ryn—6.

New Mexico.

A STAR man spent a pleasant half hour in company with Hon. A. L. Morrison last Saturday afternoon. The gentleman was U. S. Marshal in New Mexico under the Arthur administration, and spent four years in that far-off State.

"There is a woeful lack of knowledge of New Mexico and its people," said Mr. M., "and almost any foreign country is better known to our people."

The population of the state is about 130,000 and of this number there are 30,000 Americans, the balance being Mexicans and Pueblo Indians.

The resources of the state are in its mines and a splendid grazing country. In the southern portion of the state cattle can graze the year round. In agriculture, there has been no headway since the time as chronicled in the bible. "I have myself seen plowing with a crooked stick, and was reminded of the bible quotation 'of muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn' by seeing their mode of threshing. A piece of ground is staked off and clay is spread out and the men stamp it down with their bare feet until it is hard, then the wheat or oats is spread over this and goats are driven around the enclosure until the grain is separated.

"An American gentleman who has all the modern appliances for farming offered to thresh for some of the native farmers, which he did, but the next season they all went back to their old mode.

Is it superstition? asked the scribe.

"I think not, only a hard matter of getting them out of the old rut.

"Yes! New Mexico is a good country to grow up in, its vast mineral resources and splendid grazing lands, will, with better railroads facilities, make it a great state in the future.

The population is all in the northern part of the state, there are only twelve counties, and three railroads.

I see, mused Mr. M. that the Apache devils, under Chief Gerimo, are raiding the state, this is the only tribe that troubles the people, as the native Indians are peacable and the Mexicans are very sociable towards Americans, no better people in this country can be found to live among."

FROM THURSDAY'S DAILY.

—St. John spoke at Galion last night.

—Mr. Fred. Tristram left for the East this morning.

—Rev. Tullis, the Baptist minister at Radnor, is in town today.

—Mrs. C. C. Pettit left this afternoon for a visit at Mansfield.

—Little Willie Sidney and his father left for Bellefontaine this morning.

—Mrs. B. Hall and her mother, leave for Ft. Wayne this afternoon on a visit.

—Rev. Wiant will preach at the new Evangelical church, on South street, at 2 o'clock next Sunday afternoon.

—Mrs. B. Tristram departed to-day for New York to be absent a few weeks. Fred. accompanied her as far as Buffalo.

—Miss Mary Benzler left this morning for Upper Sandusky to visit the Misses Laura and Anna Katzenmeyer for a few days.

—Miss Myrtie Keenan, of Upper Sandusky, who has been visiting Miss Hattie Reiser the past week, returned home last night.

—Miss Lizzie McMahan, her brother, and the Misses Callahan, of Upper Sandusky, are visiting Mrs. Bougher, on Oak street.

—The semi-annual Northwestern Editorial Association meeting will be held at the Hudson House, Upper Sandusky, Friday, Oct. 23d.

—Last Monday S. & F. R. Saiter sold fourteen stoves, the largest sale they have ever made since in business—for over twenty years. It was a big day's work.

—Tiffin Herald: Mr. Oliver Wertz, of Marion, was the guest of Charlie Werthmiller yesterday.—S. A. Court, Prosecuting Attorney of Marion county, is in the city.

—Billy Richardson hacked George Guinea dangerously at Mt. Vernon Tuesday, for saying that he was wanted at Springfield for fatally assaulting a policeman.

—Marshal Buenneke is a close one, and if he would have witnessed a lynching, murder, burglary or a fire ten minutes before he was asked, "Is there anything new?" his answer would be, "Not a thing.

—A petition was presented to the council last night asking them to put a trustworthy watchman at the Nypano and 3C's crossing at Oak street. There should be no hesitation on this matter, and it should be done at once.

—A twelve-year-old lad named Kiel, who started out from Ft. Wayne for a tramp, was picked up by the police Tuesday night and locked up. The young fellow was heartily sick of his adventures and his father was telegraphed for. He arrived last night and took the boy home.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

That's what the Game was Yesterday.—Galions, 10; Mohawks, 5.

A mere handful of people went to the park to see the game of ball yesterday, and those who attended saw one of the "bummest," rottenest games our boys ever played. The game was played in a cold drizzling rain, and, perhaps, this may have had something to do with the many errors made.

If some one was not throwing ten feet over a baseman's head, another was fumbling grounders, or muffing easy flies, and, every once in a while, the ball would make the circuit of the bases and then get out into the field, and all this time the Galions were walking home and piling up runs.

Bob Allen pitched and did remarkably well, only a few hits being made off of his delivery. His catch of a red-hot liner was the only fielding feature of the whole game, and had he been supported the game would have been reversed.

Bishop caught well, but was way off his base in throwing, and dropped several balls that had been thrown to cut off runners at the home plate. At the bat Biddy redeemed himself, making three of the five runs and sending home another (Ryn) by a two base hit.

The great Ryn played second base like a wooden man, and the same can be said of his batting.

Rowe umpired and, out of charity, little should be said of it; it was a toss up as to which club suffered the most from his rank decisions.

The Galions went to bat in the first inning, and were put out in one, two, three, order. In the second Neal scored on a wild throw. The third resulted in another goose egg. In the fourth the visitors piled up four runs, although the ball was never hit outside the diamond. The whole nine had a whack at the sphere, and Johnson, Hoover, Snyder and Bohn scored on wild throws and fumbles. Two runs were made in the fifth and sixth, and one in the seventh. Not an earned run was made out of the ten.

For the Mohawks, Bishop made a run in on a wild throw. In the fourth Bishop scored on Conners two base hit, and he scored on an overthrow by the Galions. N. Allen scored on an error in the seventh, and Bishop crossed the plate on a wild throw to the catcher. In the ninth the boys went out in one, two, three order, and the few faithful base ball enthusiasts drew a sigh of relief and left the grounds.

Below is the score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Galions	0	1	0	4	2	2	1	0	0—10
Mohawks	0	1	0	2	0	0	1	1	0—5

Struck out by Allen, 13.
Struck out by Noel, 18.
Umpire, Rowe.

The Council.

Council met in regular session last evening, with Messrs. McMurray, McNeal and Turney absent.

Minutes of last meeting read and approved.

Petition of Geo. Lusch and others was presented, asking council to make suitable walk in front of lots No. 232 and 233, between High and East streets, on north side of South street. Referred to Judiciary committee.

Petition of T. Fahey and others, asking that a trustworthy watchman be placed at the N. Y., P. and O. and the C., C., C. and I. crossing on Oak street. Referred to the Judiciary Committee.

The Treasurer and Mayor's reports were read and accepted.

Committee on Accounts reported the following bills correct and asked that orders be issued for payment of same:

Marion Gas Co., $121.45 for gas, and $18.75 for posts, &c.
Huber Co., $1.
J. Hood & Son., hardware, $5.36.
W. & J F. Prendergast, coal, $30.
Roberts & Clark, sewer pipe, $106.59.
Denison & Co., stationery, $7.60.
Diebold & Fies, meals, $19.35.
John Cunningham, civil engineer, $45.
Geo. W. Wood, ass't civil eng. $8.25.
Marion Mirror, printing, $105.50.
S. J. Snyder, tile and laying, $6 85.
Haberman & Wilson, hardware, etc., $60 92.
Jas. A. Knapp, for taking census, $30.
Jas. Schrock, sawdust, $2 50.
Leffler & Bland, labor at City Hall, $203.
Jas. Bechtel, repairing crossings, $38.
M. Lannon and Joseph McAndrews, watching crossings, $7.50 and $6.
Special police, $23.
Policemen Whipps, Masterson, Mack and Lannon, $40 each.
Chas. Buenneke, marshal, $40.
Tom Collins, watchman, $7.50
Chas. Barringer, teamster, $40.
J. B. Sargent, engineer, $50.
Chas. Buenneke, health officer, $15.
Wm. Gornflow, sanitary work, $3.
G. Leffler, sewer pipe, $16.80.
Thos. Woodcock, lamplighter, $50.
Wm. E. Scofield, salary, $25.
A. L. Clark, salary, $41,25.
Mayor Gailey, salary and allowance, $125.

On motion the civil engineer was authorized to purchase not to exceed twenty-five monuments for the center of streets.

Adjourned until October 14th.

—Galion Cor. Mansfield Herald: The game of ball played at Marion Wednesday resulted in a victory for the Galion nine in a score of 10 to 5. The boys say they got there like old people, and that they just discovered that Fawcett is the man for first base.

Voted Illegally.

CRESTLINE, O., Oct. 7.—J. H. McDown, United States postal clerk on the Fort Wayne road, was arrested by Marshall O'Dell, of Cleveland, charged with illegal voting at Georgetown at the last election. He moved from Youngstown to New Brighton, Pa., to be at the end of his run, but went back to Youngstown to vote, claiming it was his residence. He was tried on the same charge some time ago before a justice, who failed to convict, and now Youngstown people have brought the case before the United States commissioner at Cleveland.

Beauties of the "Rockies."

[Manitou (Colo.) Letter.]

The Rockies are piled up like purple clouds against the brittle, sparkling sapphire skies. They trail off in a royal glory of color to the far south, their pink and purple peaks picked out with piles of everlasting snow. They are the "Rocky" mountains in all truth. Not a tree blooms upon their bald sterility of rock, and yet in the amber atmosphere, under the sweet, clean sunshine, they look as if the next puff of wind might float them away.

Calling on an Emir.

[Youth's Companion.]

When Dr. Landsell, during his late Asiatic tour, visited the emir of Samarkand, he thought it best to make most of his opportunites in the following fashion.

"I first put on my cassock, that did duty when I went to the court of St. James. Over this I put on a gorgeous, gold-embroidered waistcoat, adapted from a garment I bought in Servia, as a specimen of a Sevarian gentleman's vest—grand enough for a general—and tied a cincture at the bottom, with ends hanging at the side, and over these I hung my scarlet hood.

"Fortunately, perhaps, there was no mirror in the room, or my heart might have failed me; but I next put round my neck a provincial grand chaplain's collar of purple and gold, and on this pinned three or four Masonic jewels, by way of medals, and slung at the bottom my pocket Bible, after which my costume was completed by a college cap; and thus arrayed I mounted my palfrey and sallied forth. My two dignities went in front, preceded by a whole bevy of officials, and the two interpreters came after.

"Of course I looked at the people as we passed through the streets. Need I say that they looked still harder at me, doing my utmost, as I was, to keep my countenance? The boys, not content with a passing glance, ran before, and kept turning round to look, and in the bazaar buyers and sellers stopped their bargaining in order to gaze.

"All went well, however, and we reached the citadel. This is a large artificial mound, surrounded by high clay walls, having an imposing gateway, with a chamber above and a tower on either side. A number of troops were drawn up, who received me with a salute, and we dismounted, to be received by two officers at the entrance, one of whom took charge of my presents for his master. We then crossed the first court, and on entering the second, I caught sight of his majesty at a distance through an open door.

"The audience-chamber was a good-sized room, carpeted all over, but without a stick of furniture, except two roughly-made deal chairs, with crimson seats. The emir was perched on one, and after giving me a feeble shake of the hand, he motioned me to the other." After explaining the nature of his mission to the emir, which was to distribute good books in prisons and hospitals, and examine antiquities, the doctor took his leave in the same formal way.

The Messenger Boy's Lot.

[Philadelphia Times.]

Altogether, the lot of a messenger boy is not a happy one. They are subjected to exposure in all sorts of weather and have to take their turns in working all night. The little fellows walk a number of miles in the course of a day or night and in carrying the hundreds of dispatches nightly to the newspaper offices they have many a flight of stairs to climb. No matter how hard it rains or snows or blows, the messenger boy has to go out in the storm. He can't wait for the abatement of the storm, because his message is an important one, and must be executed at once. These boys carry in sealed envelopes the news of the world from the telegraph offices to the newspaper offices, and as a rule they run the errands with dispatch.

Of course they play and loiter along the streets, because they are boys, but the loitering is generally done after they have delivered their messages, when they are on their way back to the telegraph office. None of the district offices employ a sufficient number of boys They manage to have only enough boys to keep the messengers they have busy. This, of course, is an economic move which the messenger boy does not understand. Like other public servants, the boys get a dime or a quarter here and there now and then.

Their association with street life and the queer scenes they come in contact with has a tendency to make them tough, and by the time they have graduated from the messenger service they know pretty much all that is worth knowing about the shadows and lights of a great city. They carry love messages to expectant girls and messages that help to break women's hearts. They see a great many things that most people don't see and they know more than the ordinary observer gives them credit for.

Said a manager: "We are very particular about the boys we employ. Every one must read readily and give two or three good recommendations. Very few boys are taken under 13 years of age, and most of them average between 15 and 17. We give our boys lectures sometimes and thoroughly instruct them how to deliver packages and run errands. So well have they been trained that they could not be stopped on the street."

Acres of Sunflowers.

[New York Sun.]

Very many of the spring chickens sold in this city are raised on sunflower seed. At many points in New Jersey there are chicken farms where chickens are raised by the thousand. Many receive their first start in life from the incubator, and when large enough are put on a diet of sunflower seeds, which are full of oil and are very fattening. The sunflower gives little trouble to the farmer, as it is a hardy plant and grows without cultivation. Some farmers plant three and four acres of sunflowers, and such fields have a surprisingly gaudy appearance. The perfume is sickening, but when turned into spring chicken the sunflower becomes a pleasing table ornament.

A Money-Dresser.

[Detroit Free Press.]

There is a man who makes his living in New York by his manipulation of old coin. He buys the plugged silver pieces and chipped copper coins that are dropped into the gate boxes along the elevated railroad, and fixes the money up so that it will pass again. Now and then he comes across a rare coin worth many times its face value. He calls himself a "Money-dresser."

Obituary Verses.

[Exchange.]

It was a custom in years gone by, on the death of an eminent person, for his friends to compose short laudatory verses, epitaphs, etc., and to affix them to the hearse or grave with pins, wax, paste, etc.

Making Artificial Ivory.

[New York Tribune.]

The manufacture of artificial ivory has become an extensive industry in this country, and especially in this city, during the last few years. This has been due to the scarcity of natural ivory, which is insufficient in quantity to supply the heavy demand for it. Numerous ways of manufacturing it have been employed at different times, but none so successfully as that in vogue at the present day.

An extensive dealer in artificial ivory said to a reporter the other day that a radical change had been made in the manufactnre of this useful article, and the direct result is the production of a better and cheaper material. At one time, and that not long ago, a majority of the products were obtained by injecting whitewood with chloride of lime under strong pressure. But this formed plates of a slightly yellowish hue, which were liable to split or scale off at any moment. The dealer took up a large ivory sleeve button from a table, and began splitting it with a penknife.

"That is the kind of ivory that they sell chiefly on the cheap stands in the streets," he said. "You see it is easily chipped up; and the interior presents a dirty white that does not resemble natural ivory in the least. Now take a piece of artificial ivory made after the improved method, and see the difference! The plates here are of a pure white and tough, and more easily worked into proper forms than the natural ivory itself."

"But how is this manufactured?" was asked.

"Why, out of the cheapest and simplest sort of material. We collect a large number of bones of sheep and waste pieces of deer and kid skin. Then we macerate and bleach the bones for two weeks in chloride of lime, after which they are heated by steam along with the skin until they form a fluid mass, to which is added a small quantity of alum. This fluid is then filtered and thoroughly dried in the air, and allowed to harden in a bath of alum. When finally taken out of this bath we have perfectly white plates, ready to be worked up and polished into any conceivable shape."

An Artificial Volcano.

[Lancaster (Pa.) New Era.]

It was formed spontaneously at the Macungie furnace, in Lehigh, Pa., on the top of a car of melted iron cinders. As the extreme crust of the slag cooled and consequently contracted, the interior gases, cramped for want of room, burst out at the surface in jets and spurts as in a natural volcanic eruption, and proportionately quite as high, gradually forming the frustum of an irregular cone, with an opening in the center from bottom to top. Through this opening the melted matter was forced up from the mass below, running over at the top of the cone on all sides and dripping downward, cooled into beautiful stalactical forms.

The hight of the cone is twenty inches, outside diameter at bottom fifteen inches, and at the top five inches. Its growth occupied half an hour. Its weight is ninety pounds. This is a good illustration of the manner in which volcanic peaks are supposed to be naturally formed, confirming the theory that, as the crust of the earth contracts by cooling, the interior gases and melted matter requiring more room, mountain ranges are raised, and, at the weaker points, openings are forced, from which the imprisoned matter escaped and volcanic peaks and craters are formed, just as in the specimen above described.

Great Bonaparte's Bones.

[Paris Cor. Macon Telegraph.]

One of the most interesting sights in Paris is Napoleon's tomb, situated under the dome of the Invalides, the gilded top of which may be seen from all parts of the city. The emperor's tomb is open for public inspection on Mondays, Tuesdays and Wednesdays. This splendid mausoleum was constructed by Visconti, and is twenty feet in depth and thirty-six feet in diameter. The sarcophagus rises up from the center of the mosaic pavement, which represents a wealth of laurels; twelve marble caryatides surround the pedestal, between which are stands of flags taken during the Napoleonic wars. Above the entrance to the tomb, which was in the rear, is the following inscription: "Je desire que mes cendres reposent sur les bords de la Seine au milieu de ce peuple Francais que jai tant aime." "I desire that my ashes shall rest on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people whom I loved so well." Persons are not admitted to the crypt, but can see it perfectly well from above.

Behind the church is the Hotel des Invalides, which is an asylum for disabled soldiers, and contains a museum of artillery and other curiosities. The Esplanade des Invalides is an extensive square in front of the building.

His First Taste of Sea-Water.

[Charleston News.]

A very funny story has just leaked out about the first surf bath of one of the recent visitors to Sullivan's island, from Columbia. After some persuasion the gentleman from Columbia, who ranks high among the military celebrities of that town and is considered "quite a catch" by the young ladies of the capital, ventured into the glorious surf. Finally he got far enough out to "duck under." He went down with his mouth open. He quickly came up exclaiming with intense surprise and disgust: "Say, look-a-here, boys, the thing is salty!"

A Dull Outlook.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

"Have you been kept in again at school!" asked an Austin father of his son, who came slinking home just at dark.

"Yes, sir, I didn't know my jografy lesson."

"Good heavens alive, boy, if you are kept in that way now at a little one-horse school when you go to the university at Austin you won't get home once every two or three years."

Russian Horse-Railroads.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Horse-railroads were started in St. Petersburg only twelve years ago. There are now seventy miles of lines, with 395 cars, drawn by 2,000 horses and nine locomotives, and carrying nearly 61,000,000 passengers a year.

BIRDS OF BEAUTY.

An Hour with an Ornithologist—Humming Birds' Wonderful Plumage.

[Washington Star.]

The catalogue of the Smithsonian institution and the National museum contain a record of 105,000 specimens which have been received in the ornithological department. There are now on hand in the cases and chests, in which are stored away the ornithological wealth of the museum, 65,000 specimens. Of course, there are many birds of the same species. In addition to the type specimens preserved for exhibition and study, a duplicate collection is maintained, and besides that, there is always on hand a large stock known as the reserve collection, used in making exchanges, by means of which the museum is enabled to get rare birds from collections in other countries.

Mr. Robert Ridgway, the ornithologist, is now engaged in completing a duplicate collection of North American birds, with the view of having always on exhibition in the museum a complete collection. In the cases in Mr. Ridgway's gallery and work-room are 35,000 specimens. The collection of North American birds, which takes most of the space, is the finest of its kind in the world. Next to it is the collection of South American birds, which is rated as the second best in the world. A private collection belonging to a wealthy gentleman in England, who spent much time and money in perfecting it, and recently presented it to the British museum, is considered as the finest collection of South American birds. Central and South America are especially rich in birds, as about one-third of the known species of birds in the world have their habitat there. The department under Mr. Ridgway's care comprises, also, a very full collection of birds from the Old World.

These birds preserved for study and comparison are stowed away in flat cases, which, in turn fit securely, one over another, in the rows of drawers. Upon each drawer is placed a lid or top of glass, the sash or edge of which is fitted with a tongue, which drops into a groove in the edge of the drawer, making a perfect protection against the invasion of insects. The insects love to get at a dead bird, just as the fabled donkey took pleasure in kicking at the dead lion. The bird-hunter secures the skin of the bird, preserves its head, plumage and legs complete. The professional collector skins a bird very neatly, so that it can be mounted by the taxidermist with very little trouble. When the skin is received by the curator it is filled out with a little padding of cotton and placed away in its proper case. A complete record is kept of each specimen received.

If it is desired to mount the specimen the dried skin is sent to the room of the taxidermist, Mr. Marshall. There it is buried for two or three days in damp sawdust, and when it is resurrected the skin is soft and pliable. The unmounted specimens, however, with proper care may be kept for years, and are just as valuable to the scientist as when they are stuffed and postured by the taxermidist. Some of the specimens of North American birds in the collection belonged to Audubon, and were used by him in making illustrations for his work on birds. The humming-birds form one of the most attractive parts of the collection to one who looks at it from the esthetic standpoint. There are 450 kinds of humming-birds known. While they differ widely in size and appearance, they bear a resemblance structurally, and have similar habits, feeding upon honey and insects.

The collection comprises nearly all known kinds, from the giant hummingbird of Mexico, which boasts of proportions nearly as great as those of the robin, to a tiny humming-bird of Jamaica, scarcely more than an inch long. There are humming-birds with bills longer than their bodies, which they use in extracting honey from deep-cupped flowers, and humming-birds with no more beak than an ordinary wren. Many of the different varieties of humming-birds are distinguished only by the marking of their feathers. The colors are rich and gorgeous. The crown, throat and breast are marked with topaz, gold and ruby, in the most exquisite shades. The colors seem iridescent.

A peculiarity of some of the birds which Mr. Ridgway pointed out to the reporter is that you can only see one color at a time. When the throat or breast is thrown back at a certain angle the first color seen disappears and another comes to view. The feathers have a sheen or gloss like burnished gold or gems, and in some cases are so nearly luminous that the colors become more pronounced in a dark place than in the twilight. In every variety where this gloss or sheen exists, except one, the gloss becomes visible only when looking at the bird from its front. If the bird was flying from one the colors would be dull and lusterless.

Nearly all the South and Central American birds are conspicuous for the richness of their plumage. The feathery gorgeousness reaches its climax in the royal bird of the Aztecs, a magnificent creature considered to surpass the famed bird of paradise in grace and exquisiteness of color.

The markings of birds differ very strangely sometimes, and form the only distinction between two varieties. In Ecuador, for instance, one variety of humming-bird, marked in a peculiar way, is found only at a certain elevation on the side of Chimborazo. Upon a neighboring mountain, at a certain elevation, is found another humming-bird the exact counterpart of his Chimborazo cousin except in color. The pattern upon which the colors are laid are the same, but the colors themselves are different. In some valleys a few miles in extent are found birds peculiarly marked, which have never been found elsewhere.

Fishes of the Deep Sea.

[Chicago Herald.]

The fishes collected from great depths upon the famous Challenger expedition —2,000 or 3,000 fathoms — possess bones and ligaments of great softness, and muscles loosely connected. This is a provision to allow of the permeation of their tissues by the water, since otherwise at the great depth where they live the pressure of the water, which shivers solid glass to powder, would crush their bodies.

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LOCAL NEWS.

FROM LAST SATURDAY'S DAILY.

Caught Dead to Rights.

A telephone message was received here Friday night shortly after 9 o'clock, calling an officer to Owens, where a burglar had been captured. Marshal Buenneke responded to the call and brought the prisoner here and jailed him. About nine o'clock, Mr. John Owen discovered a man going through the post office, he gave the alarm at once, and in a few seconds the building was surrounded by a half a dozen citizens who covered the fellow with their revolvers. He was soon securely tied with halters to await the coming of the officer. The man is colored and gave his name as Rice. He gained an entrance by breaking the sash lock in the back window. The prisoner was given his peliminary examination this morning in S. A. Court's office before the mayor, he plead guilty and was bound over for trial at the next term of court, in the sum of $1,000 bond, in default of which, he was sent to jail.

THE FAIR.

A Big Attendance.

A low estimate on Thursday's crowd at the fair grounds was 11,000, while many estimated the crowd at over 12,000. Many of the officials said it was the largest crowd ever seen on the grounds. The people were spread all over the enclosure and nothing occurred to mar their pleasure, no accidents, no drunken men, nor any of the usual skin games of the fair fakers. The crowd was on the grounds early, and they found plenty of amusement until the afternoon races.

Promptly at 2 o'clock the bell rang out the horses for the free-for-all-pace for a purse of $230, $140, $60, $30 for first, second and third. Wm. Ball entered his b. g. Sand Boy, J. R. Williams, s. w., Hattie R., and Jake Wilcox, o. b. m., Mattie Bock and Hattie R. drew the poles and the horses were off, after scoring a couple of times with Hattie R in the lead, which she kept up, coming in a leng h's head of Sand Boy. In the second heat all three horses came in lapping each others' sulky, and in the third, Hattie R. broke badly in the first heat and fell behind. She showed her mettle by coming up under the wire a length ahead. The following is the summary:

Hattie R.,	1	1	1
Sand Boy,	2	3	2
Mattie Bock,	3	2	5

Time, 2.41; 2.41, and 2.48.

In the 2:30 trot for $150, divided, Wm. Scribner's s. w. Creed, Dr. Snell's black M., Kenton's belle, and V. E. Williams. Lady Logan came to the score; they were sent off with Lady Logan at the pole, Creed second, and Kenton Belle third. Creed kept up the lead and came in on easy lead, with Kenton Belle second. In the second heat, Creed's bottom went out, and Kenton Belle took the heat, Lady Logan second. In the next two heats Kenton Belle had her own way and won the race.

The following is the summary:

Kenton Belle,	2	1	1	1
Creed,	1	3	2	2
Lady Logan,	3	2	3	3

Time, 2:41, 2:45, 2:44, 2:49.

In the stallion race for $70, divided, Watkins Bros. entered s. s. Stranger, Moore Bros. b. s. Bullion, J. P. Riley b. s., Belmont and Dr. I. K. Scott, g. s. Little Boy. After coming into the track, Bullion went lame, and was drawn. They were sent off with Stranger at the pole, Bullion second, and Little Boy third. Stranger gave out in the first half mile and did not finish the heat, and Little Boy had things his own way and won the race, as he was only jagged to keep ahead and was an easy winner of both heats. Following is the summary:

Little Boy,	1	1	
Bullion,	2	2	

Stranger drawn; Belmont drawn.

Time: 3:26, 3:23½.

The judges were S. N. Titus, starter; J. S. Godnow and A. H. Kling, Timer, J. C. Johnson.

The question is, did Mr. Bell send Sand Boy to win?

Stranger has got over his trotting days. He was good a year ago.

Good starts were given the horses in every heat.

The drivers, strange to say, did not do any kicking. The judges gave them no cause.

The track is very heavy with dust; no time could be made.

The Last Day.

The Fair is a thing of the past, and ended in a blaze of glory. The weather and attendance was all that could be desired. The officers did all in their power to make the Fair a success. The grounds were well officered and there was no disturbance to mar anyone's pleasure. The display of stock could not be could not be equaled in any part of the State, while all the other departments were complete. The crowd yesterday was estimated at about 5,000. The grand parade of premium stock took place at one o'clock, and at two the pacing race was called. The same horses were entered that started in the pacing race the day before: Sand Boy, Hattie R, and Mattie B. Sand Boy was the favorite, and the knowing ones backed him for all they could. The horses were sent off with Hattie R. at the pole and in the lead, coming home she broke and was passed by Sand Boy, who came under the wire a half length ahead. The second heat was a race between Sand Boy and Hattie R. The Boy made several bad breaks and was beaten by a length by the mare. In the third heat, the favorite showed his mettle and came home on an easy jog. The driver of Hattie R. claimed a foul on the back stretch but was not allowed. There were some hot words between the drivers and Mattie Rock was drawn. Williams, the driver, said he would not drive along side of a nigger.

The fourth heat was won by Sand Boy, he was so far in the lead there was no chance of claiming a foul, and he came in under the wire on a walk.

The following is the summary:

Bell's s. g. Sand Boy,	1	3	1	1
Williams' s. m. Hattie R.,	2	2	2	2
Wilcox's b. m. Mattie Rock,	3	1	3	dr.

Time, 2:40, 2:39, 2:39¾, 2:42.

THE TROT.

The event of the day was the free for all trot. Three horses entered, Almont, Ambassador and Kenton Belle. There was a buzz of excitement as Almont was driven out to warm up, he was the favorite and said to be the sure winner. Almont is a fine trotter and speedy, and can go, if pushed, way down in the twenties. There was a long delay in getting the horses started. Letson, the owner of Almont, would not start unless the time, if under 2:34, would be suppressed. The matter was laid before the Board, who consented. This brought a protest from the owners of the other horses, as the rules of the National Trotting Association forbids races trotted under suppressed time, as it expells the owners, drivers and horses from trotting on the association tracks.

The affair created a great deal of dispute in the judges stand. The judges were acting under orders from the Board who instructed them to keep the official time above 2:34. Mr. M. Reeves, Jr., of Upper Sandusky, and representative of Wilkes' Spirit of the Times, protested and said the correct time should be recorded, and if it was not taken he would go onto the track and take it himself. However, the horses started under the ruling of the Board and both official and correct time are given.

The horses, after scoring ten times on account of the ugly breaks of Almont, whose driver was doing a great deal of kicking about a "combination" against his horse. They finally got a beautiful start with Almont in the lead, which he kept up, coming under the wire o length ahead of Ambassador. It was Almont's race from the start and he won in three straight heats, although Ambassador ran nearly the whole distance.

The following is the summary:

Almont,	1	1	1
Ambassador,	2	2	2
Kenton Belle,	3	3	3

Official time, 2:34¼, 2:34¾, 2:34½.

Correct time, 2:27, 2:31¼, 2:27¼.

In the running race, mile heats, 3 in 5, Ohio Boy, Minnie Ate and Mollie Thomas started. Mollie Thomas won in three straight heats with Minnie Ate, side and side. The last heat was run in the dark.

The following is the summary:

Mollie Thomas,	1	1	1
Minnie Ate,	3	2	2
Ohio Boy,	2	3	3

Time, 1:54, 1:53, 1:57.

Between the heats of the running race the people were amused by a mule race trotted to slow music and go as you please. Three mules entered and two came in under the wire. the third jumped the track at the three quarter stretch into the crowd but no one was hurt.

Time, half mile 1:28.

Thus ended the 38th annual Marion County Fair, as a perfect success and will add to its reputation as being second to none in the State, and perhaps second only to the State Fair.

Almont.

The action of the agricultural board in suppressing the time in the free-for-all trot, has caused considerable comment among the horse men in town. When a horse owner wishes the time suppressed it is pretty generally known why. The board by doing as they did, give Letson the right to enter his horse in the 2:35 class, when his record here was 2:27. But the national trotting association having just such cases in view, pass a law ruling all horses and drivers from their tracks, and also the judges who consent to suppress time. Letson, Almont and his driver will have to suffer the consequences, however, as the drivers of Ambassador and Kenton Belle drove under protest. The judges cannot be blamed, as they were under orders from the board, and the board were well aware that Letson would not start his horse unless the time was suppressed, so in order to not disappoint the public, who were anxious to see Almont trot, they consented to the arrangement about the time, but now they see where they made a great mistake in consenting to what true horsemen look upon as a great fraud, that is, in suppressing time.

FROM MONDAY'S DAILY.

—Secretary of State Robinson is in town today.

—Coal houses are in great demand this cold snap. Dark deeds require dark places.

—The Music hall donkey and chariot knocked them out at the fair grounds. It was a good "ad."

—One can always tell when there's a theatrical troupe in a hotel—by the jingling of the electric bells.

—Mrs. E. S. Bull returned this morning from a very pleasant visit with relatives at Toronto, Canada.

—Miss Jennie Bland was the guest of her brother, Will., yesterday. She returned home this morning.

—Leslie Brothers, the great skatorial artists are resting here this week. They appear at the rink early next week.

—Delaware Chronicle: Miss Mattie Johnson, of Marion, returned home today, after a pleasant visit to Mrs. George Donavin.

—The Chicago Sun is undoubtedly the best penny newspaper in America. It is a seven-column folio, and on Saturday and Sunday it issues a double edition.

—We intended saying it was cold and disagreeable yesterday, but every one knows that. Old "prob's" promises better weather to-day and to-morrow.

—No! my son, the men you see on the streets to-day rubbing their hands, and with a 7x9 smile, have not fallen heir to a million dollars each—they are only the stove and coal dealers.

—The Prospect Monitor says: "In Wednesdays bicycle races Prospect riders took all the money," and might have added, for the very good reason, that all who entered for the race were from Prospect.

—Hon. A. L. Morrison and J. J. Geghan spent Sunday in town. They were the guests of the Hotel Marion. In company with Bat. Cusick they attended mass at the Catholic church Sabbath morning.

—Prof. Crouse will have office hours at the Superintendent's office in the Central school building, from 8:30 to 10, a. m. and from 4 to 5, p. m., for the convenience of those who desire to see him. The move will be appreciated no doubt.

—Abe Highwarden, and Walt Lannon were arrested Saturday evening. The former was charged with carrying concealed weapons, and the latter for being drunk and disorderly. Mayor Gailey fined them $20. and cost each, and sent them to the county jail untill the fines are paid.

—Billy Wilson, who was night clerk at the Hotel Marion, last winter, was in town over Sunday, inflating the boys with his balloon stories. Billy made over 100 ascensions this summer with the Robinson shows, and closed the season at Ft. Wayne last Wednesday. He says he had a close call at Ashland, Wis, when his partner was killed, and it was reported here that it was Wilson. Billy's up-in-the-air name is Kildare. He has leased the Park theatre, in Toledo, and will manage it as a variety theatre this season. Billy has been playing in luck and looks well.

Morrison and Geghan.

This celebrated team of political speakers addressed an immense throng at the City hall, Saturday evening. The hall was crowded to the doors and many were unable to get standing room. The Glee Club rendered some fine selections, after which Chairman Bat Cusick introduced Mr. Geghan, who, in a short address, confined himself to the political issues of this State. Mr. Morrison then in an address of two hours duration, delivered one of the most telling speeches ever heard in this place. His address abounds in hard facts that cannot be contraverted. He is eloquent, earnest and forcible and holds his hearers to the last moment. The meeting adjourned with three cheers for Foraker and the speakers

Fair Echo's.

Fifteen thousand tickets were sold during the three days.

The receipts were $5,000.

Over $4,000 were paid in premiums

Twenty conveyances were licensed to carry passengers, at $4 per day.

The hacks and wagons carried 4,000 people to and from the grounds Thursday and Friday.

The two hotels and the English Kitchen fed about 200 each at every meal Thursday and Friday.

On a mile track, at the gait Almont went in the first heat, his time would have been about 2:23.

The grand stand held about 1'00 people Thursday, and 1200 Friday

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY.

—It is rumored that Prof. Eugene Davis will organize a brass band.

—George Kendrick departed for Shelby last evening on railroad business.

—Fair week was very prolific for marriages. Nine licenses were issued.

—Mr. Isaac Conklin, of Butler, Mo, is visiting his father, Col. W. W. Conklin, of this city.

—Miss Cora Clayton, of Springfield, Mo., is visiting her cousin, Miss Annie Hobbs, on East street.

—Mrs. P. F. Smith, of Delaware, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J Fribley, on east Center street.

—The west side of Music hall was filled last night with ladies who go it alone. We admire your pluck, girls.

—Mrs. J. W. Alsop, of Meadville, Pa., has been visiting in this city the past week. She left for Galion this afternoon.

—Another break at the gas well Mr. Coe is striking nothing but bad luck lately; a day or two fills the well with water.

—The name and address is wanted of any survivor of the 10th Kansas Infantry. Address E. H. Gregg, Ottawa, Kansas.

—Quite a number came over from LaRue last night to see "Florette." Editor Long, of the LaRue News, was among them.

—A. F. Hubley, of Mansfield, accompanied by Miss Susie Smith, of Galion, visited his brother, Will Hubley, in this city yesterday.

—Supreme Ruler Crow, of Urbana, was in the city yesterday shaking hands with his brethren of the Prudential Order of America.

—Mr. John Merrill left yesterday for Portland, Oregon, to look up a location for starting in business. Mrs. Merrill will leave in March.

—The sculptor has began the figures on the south side of the court house. They will represent the four races—the American, Caucasian, Malay and Mongolian.

—Chas. Cruso, A. B. Hess and D. Drake, of Canby Lodge K. of P., of this city, were at Caledonia last evening assisting Calanthe Lodge, of that place, in conferring degrees.

—Mr. Fling, living near Branson's on North East street, had his shoulder dislocated last evening about five o'clock. Drs. Modrack and Harding were called and reduced the dislocation.

—Jeff. Osborne has in market some fine German carp, brought from the fish pond near Mt. Gilead. They are perfect beauties swimming around, and would make fine pets for a sitting room.

—J. H. Weaver left last evening for Lebanon, Pa., to visit his aged mother, news of whose dangerous illness he received yesterday. Mr. Weaver expects to be absent about two or three weeks.

—Politicians use various means of capturing votes. Judge Criswell and Tom Allen were photographed by Vail this afternoon in the brother act. What does it mean? Are the democrats going to capture the colored vote this fall

—A horse belonging to Kaz, of the Ohio Bottling Works, started on a tour of delivery of its own accord this afternoon. It ran down down Center street and was captured by detective John Norris (Piggy) McGraw. No damage.

—Manager Pettit has booked some of the best attractions on the road, among which is Rhea, the great French actress, Louisa Balfe, the English soubrette, and is corresponding with Janauschek, the greatest tragedienne in the world.

—Some one, signing himself "Kit," sends us a postal card asking us something about "a horse race, bet and somebody holding stakes." If he will kindly call or send us a diagram explaining the communication we will endeavor to answer it to the best of our ability.

—The Lutheran church trouble is brewing in regard to bouncing members who belong to secret societies and keeping out again, and we clip the following from the Chronicle

"Hello Marion Star"

"Hello"

"Did you say Rats some time ago?"

"Yes."

"Well, say RATS again now."

"All right brother, here goes with the express it. We have ordered an extra large font of wood letters."

SAD ACCIDENT.

A Lady From Near Essex Receives Severe and Probably Fatal Injuries by a Railroad Train.—Both Legs Broken Above the Knee Joints.

A most sad accident occurred here this morning at about half past 10 o'clock that will probably result in death.

While the local freight on the C., C., C. and I. railway was switching, a team with a wagon load of wood was crossing the track on Oak street. The team was driven by Mrs. Thos. Forider, who lives near Essex, in Union county. The wagon had nearly got over the track when the engine struck it and started the horses to run. Mrs. Forider was thrown from the wagon with a terrible force. She was picked up and carried into the residence of W. H. McClure and the railroad physicians were called at once. On examination it was found that the poor woman had sustained a comp'ound fracture above the knees in both limbs and, it is thought, received severe internal injuries.

Everything possible is being done for the lady. Dr. Sweeney and assistant set the injured members, and it is impossible to tell the extent of other injuries at present. She is suffering very much, but is rational, and answered several questions.

Mrs. Forider is 55 years of age, which makes the accident all the more severe. Her husband has been sent for as her recovery is doubtful.

Licensed to Wed.

Geo. Dutt and Miss Catherine Theabout.

Edward E. Coulter and Miss Emma Ruff

Geo. W. Queen and Maggie Baughman

Gustav Denzer and Miss Mela Osing.

Chas. M Tharp and Miss Minnie Behner.

Chas. W. Anderson and Miss Ella Crabb

Wm W. Wheeler and Miss Hattie Roberts

John W. Pendleton and Miss Carrie Thompson.

Wm Utter and Artmiss Brady.

Reuben S. Noble and Ida L. Gast.

Why, Al.!

Friday afternoon, Constable Adam Wertz, of Galion, O., was in Prospect, having in his possession a warrant for the arrest of a young man named A. L. Gast, a prominent young business man of that place, charging him with being the father of the unborn babe of Miss Cook, of Galion. When the Constable arrived Gast was attending the County Fair here, and through some means got onto the affair and skipped out from this place some time during the day. The affair is a most deplorable one, as both families are highly respectable, and Gast's parents have the sympathy of the entire community.

New Mexico.

A STAR man spent a pleasant half hour in company with Hon. A. L. Morrison last Saturday afternoon. The gentleman was U. S. Marshal in New Mexico under the Arthur administration, and spent four years in that far-off State.

"There is a woeful lack of knowledge of New Mexico and its people," said Mr. M., "and almost any foreign country is better known to our people."

The population of the state is about 130,000 and of this number there are 30,000 Americans, the balance being Mexicans and Pueblo Indians.

The resources of the state are in its mines and a splendid grazing country. In the southern portion of the state cattle can graze the year round. In agriculture, there has been no headway since the time as chronicled in the bible. "I have myself seen plowing with a crooked stick, and was reminded of the bible quotation of muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn' by seeing their mode of threshing. A piece of ground is staked off and clay is spread out and the men stamp it down with their bare feet until it is hard, then the wheat or oats is spread over this and goats are driven around the enclosure until the grain is separated.

"An American gentleman who has all the modern appliances for farming offered to thresh for some of the native farmers, which he did, but the next season they all went back to their old mode.

Is it superstition? asked the scribe.

"I think not, only a hard matter of getting them out of the old rut.

"Yes! New Mexico is a good country to grow up in, its vast mineral resources and splendid grazing lands, will, with better railroads facilities, make it a great state in the future.

The population is all in the northern part of the state, there are only twelve counties, and three railroads.

I see, mused Mr. M. that the Apache devils, under Chief Gerimo, are raiding the state, this is the only tribe that troubles the people, as the native Indians are peaceable and the Mexicans are very sociable towards Americans, no better people in this country can be found to live among."

—A fine audience assembled at the Music Hall last night to see Lizzie Evans and company in Florette. There is not much in the play but it is a vehicle for showing the versatile star and her company. Miss Evans is a fine actress, and executed dances with all the abandon of Lotta or any other first-class soubrett. The company supporting her was a revelation, there was not a weak spot in the cast. The audience was highly pleased with the performance, and Miss Evans can always rely on a full house when she returns.

—Mr. Lafayette informs us that he has letters from England, saying they have lots of good mechanical papers there to sell, that he has better title papers than we have, and asking for a correspondent in England. He intends to ship the first one there about the 15th or 20th of this month

"A OFFSCOURING."

[Christian Union.]

"Well, yes, ma'am, I have stole!"

"Why, John!"

"You asked me, didn't you?"

"Yes, I asked you," the mission teacher replied, a sad, almost disgusted expression upon her sweet, young face.

"What did you ask me for, if you didn't want me to tell you? I could a lied," the boy went on in a stolid sort of way, and yet with a ring of feeling in his voice.

"No, you couldn't, Johnny," the teacher answered with a smile, "because you promised me that you would always tell the truth to me."

"Well, I didn't go back on it, did I?"

"No, Johnny. Have you any objection to telling me how often you have taken things that didn't belong to you?"

"Mebbe I can't remember them all," the boy replied. "I never lifted anything particular. Once, when the old woman where I hang out got sick and cried a blue streak for oranges, and nobody had the money to get them, I asked the old cove that kept the grocery store to trust me for a couple till next day. He wouldn't do it, and that night I stole six from him.

"Why, Johnny!"

"Why didn't you let me have 'em then?" the boy went on doggedly. "I'd paid, 'cause I said I would. Anyhow, the old woman got well off them oranges."

"Then you are not sorry you took them?" the teacher inquired.

"Well, the old woman had to have them oranges, and somebody had to get them for her."

The teacher's face was very grave, and as her companion looked up he saw the tears in her eyes, a sight which had a curious effect upon him.

"Don't make me tell you any more, please, ma'am," he said, dropping his eyes, while his face flushed scarlet. "I ain't nothing but a offscouring, anyhow, and it ain't no good to fret about what I do. I was kinder dragged into this place, else I'd never bother you."

"What name did you call yourself?" the teacher inquired. "I didn't understand you."

"Granny Leeds always said I was an offscouring, and so I am."

"What is an offscouring, Johnny?"

"Oh! the leavings of something that ain't no good."

"Granny Leeds, as you call her, was very much mistaken about yourself, Johnny," the teacher replied. "You are not an offscouring, but one of God's own children, and He is giving you a chance to make something of yourself. How much do you think the things are worth that you have taken, in all, Johnny?"

"Them oranges were worth 4 cents apiece when I took them; that's 24; and then two loaves of bread I lifted for two fellows that froze their feet last winter, and a mackerel to make the bread go down. It's awful tough to eat bread with nothing on it; and then a base ball was worth 50 cents, and all them things would make near hand to a dollar. I don't remember anything else."

"Well, Johnny, I shall give you a dollar, and I want you to go to those places and pay for all those things."

"Then I'll have to own up," the boy interrupted.

"Wouldn't you feel better to confess, Johnny?" the young lady inquired, not a little troubled at the effect of her words.

For a moment the boy seemed lost in thought, and then lifting a frank face to his companion, said:

"I ain't never felt perticler bad about any of them things, 'cept the base ball, and that I could a' done without, but if you say so, Miss Lee, I'll give the whole thing away, only as I ain't lifted anything lately, and don't mean to again, they would suspicion me, and make me out a thief when I ain't no such thing. Don't you think it would do, ma'am, if I dropped the money in them places so they'd be sure to find it? If you don't think so I'll blow the whole thing if it takes me to the island."

"What will you do, Johnny, if somebody needs bread and oranges and you haven't got any money to buy them with?"

"That's a sticker, ma'am. I dunno."

"And it wouldn't be strange if something of that kind were to happen any day."

"No, ma'am. There is something putty generally to pay with the folks I know."

"Well, Johnny, I will tell you what to do," she replied. "Here is my card, and when any of your acquaintances are in trouble I wish you would come directly to me; and if anything is amiss with you at any time, be sure and send a messenger. You had better come up to-morrow, anyway, Johnny, for I want to give you some warm clothes, and then it will be easy for you to find the place next time."

Johnny hung his head. The kindness had overpowered him, and not a word could he speak.

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Johnny," the tender-hearted teacher hurried to say. "You are willing I should help you, are you not?"

"I guess you had better let me git now, Miss Lee," the boy replied rather huskily; "you could knock me down with an eyewinker. You needn't worry about my remembering all you have said; but just now I'm all broke up."

"And I can trust you, Johnny?" the lady inquired.

"It's a go, ma'am," the boy answered simply.

Miss Lee tucked a $1 bill in his hand, and Johnny hurried out of the building

It took considerable tact and skill, as well as time, for the boy to satisfactorily manage the business which his teacher had provided the money for. For instance, the grocer from whom he had "lifted" the oranges had sold out to another, and Johnny was obliged to hunt him up. He was at last found, poor and ill, and the boy without a moment's hesitation confessed the theft and produced the money.

"I guess I can make it 30 cents," he said, "and that'll be a little interest. If I wouldn't like to give $5 then you may shoot me for a crow."

The ex grocer was so surprised at Johnny's confession and subsequent generosity that he shook the boy's hand heartily and invited him to step in

again soon, which the lad as heartily promised to do.

By nightfall those "back debts," as Johnny naively called them, were settled, and then, after a scanty meal the boy started out with evening papers.

At out a quarter to 8 he had sold out and then as fast as his feet would carry him, he hurried to the neighborhood of the Academy of Music to watch the people go into the building. It was opera night, and this was one of Johnny's greatest pleasures, and with his back to the lamp post, he gazed himself up to the delight of watching the throng. Johnny wondered what it would be like to drive around in luxurious carriages, and have plenty of money to spend on fine clothes. He thought of the bread and herring he had eaten for his supper, and tried to imagine what it would be like to have turkey and cranberry sauce every day. Even Christmas Johnny had turkey and cranberry sauce for his dinner, and he knew by experience how nice they were.

had ridden in an ambulance with a friend of his—a newsboy, who had been run over by an express wagon, and this was the nearest approach to a carriage ride he had ever enjoyed.

He wondered, as he watched the happy, gaily-dressed people, why it was that some people had all they wanted while others were cold and hungry, and sometimes starved to death. This was not the first time that Johnny had been perplexed with such thoughts, but they had never made him feel quite so comfortable as on this occasion. He called to mind the warm undercloth and tidy jacket and pants which Miss Lee had given him that day, and tried to comfort himself with the thought that there was one person in the world who cared for him.

There had been a heavy fall of snow that day, and as Johnny, still absorbed with his thoughts, started to cross the street, he saw something sparkle in the snow at the side of the crossing. There had been a rush of carriages, and a few had not been able to pull up to the curb. As he picked up he saw that it was an ornament in the shape of a cross, and studded with diamonds.

Johnny knew they were shiners, as he called them, as soon as he looked at them, so with his heart in his throat he tucked the precious jewel in his pocket, still holding it firmly in his hand. Johnny's ambition was to start a coffee and cake establishment where the newsboys could be entertained at low rates. For more than a year he had nursed this object, and here was a chance to carry it into execution. There were nine stones in the cross. Supposing of one at a time to avoid suspicion, here was money enough to keep him years and years, he told himself. It puzzled him to know where he could keep the shiners, for there was no soul among his acquaintances whom he dare trust with the secret. So it was until he had crept into his poor little stricken bed, with his treasure carefully hidden among the straw, did the thought occur that he ought to try and find the owner for it. Then followed a hard battle between the natural honesty of the lad and his very natural desire for creature comforts.

The person who could wear such a thing like that "chock full of shiners," he said to himself, must have money enough to buy more shiners. He, Johnny was, cold and hungry, with no prospect before him but to be always hungry and not always cold; and here were those "shiners" which would set him in business and give him a chance to be one of the boys. Why should he find the owner of the cross when he had nothing? Maybe the owner had everything? This train of thought continued until it was time for the boy to start for the morning papers. It was through the busiest part of the forenoon the battle still raged, and the newsboy's thoughts were so occupied with his new-found treasure that he almost forgot to attend to his customers. About half-past 10, as he passed City Hall park, he noticed a gentleman, and as he heard the words "diamond cross" spoken, Johnny increased his pace and listened.

"The diamonds were all of the purest water," the gentleman said: "It was a gift to my wife from her father and is terribly cut up by the loss. I suppose we shall ever find it."

"You will advertise it, won't you?" his companion inquired.

"Oh, of course," the gentleman replied, "but more than likely it has fallen into dishonest hands, and unless the reward is equal to the value of the diamonds we shall never see them."

When the gentlemen separated from one who was interested in the diamonds entered the city hall, and after making inquiry, Johnny discovered that the gentleman held a very honorable position in the city department. After leaving this out the lad took a turn around the park to think it over again.

"Granny Leeds said I was a coward, and Miss Lee says I ain't," he struggled to himself. "If I keep these shiners granny'll be right and Miss Lee be wrong. She said the Lord would be giving me a chance to make something of myself. Well, now, the question is, I or am I not a offscouring? If I am these shiners I am, if I give them up I ain't. Well, I ain't," and with these words on his lips, Johnny started for the gentleman's office. Nothing daunted he entered, and presented himself at the desk.

"Some of your folks have lost something, ain't they," he asked.

"They have," said the gentleman.

"Will your honor tell me what they like?"

"It is a gold cross set with diamonds and the gentleman described the relative position of the stones. The boy lost either in the Academy of Music that night, or on the way from that place.

Johnny's coat was off in a twinkling and with a rip at the stitches which confined the treasure, he took out and put on his coat again. "I guess that is it," he said, handing it to the gentleman. "I was going to keep the shiners awful bad, but I continued. "They'd a set me up in business, them shiners would, but I see I couldn't be such a off-scouring after that, though I have been trying to be a thief all night long. If I were one of you folks," he went on, "I'd get a piece of string to hold on them shiners or they'd be gone for good next time."

"What is your name?" the gentleman inquired, as the lad, with his cap in hand, stood modestly before him

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LOCAL NEWS.

FROM FRIDAY'S DAILY.

—Shil Fogleson is in Wooster.

—Ed. Masterson was at Cleveland yesterday.

—Tom Mack took in the Mt. Gilead fair yesterday.

—Gen. J. Warren Keifer speaks at LaRue tomorrow afternoon.

—The receipts of the Seneca County Fair at Tiffin were only $3200.

—Mrs. Forider is improving slowly. It is now thought she will recover.

—Lewis Franklin, of Sueibly, Neb., was visiting Dr. Mouser's family yesterday.

—Quite a number of Marionites left to day to attend the Morrow county Fair.

—Charley Wyman is back from Cochranton, Pa. He will take his goods back with him.

—There is a big crop of "chestnuts" this fall, and yet we have had no minstrel show here.

—Considerable interest is taken in the apron and necktie carnival at the rink tomorrow night.

—Gen. Michael Ryan addressed a large Democratic meeting at the court room last night.

—A child with five fingers and six toes on each hand and foot is the latest Tiffin sensation.

—The cheapest flannels and blankets in the city are found at Frush's New Dry Goods Store.

—Hildebrand had a very small audience. His entertainment did not give general satisfaction.

—Aimont, Ambassador and a Pittsburg horse, who can go, it is said, in 2:20, trot at Mt. Gilead this afternoon.

—Supts. W. A. Baker, of Upper Sandusky, and C. M. Lear, of Marseilles, are visiting the Marion schools today.

—Frank Shrote sold his race horse, Wild Bill, to Mt. Gilead parties yesterday. We did not learn the price paid.

—An attempt will be made to reorganize the Marion Polo Club. A meeting of the members of the late club is called at the rink tonight.

—In the 2:40 trotting race at Akron, yesterday, Dr. Small's black mare, Kenton Belle, was distanced in the first heat. The best time made in the race was 2:39¼.

—Strelitz & Son, clothiers, are receiving many congratulations for their enterprise. When finished their large double store will be second to none in Central Ohio.

—Manager M. D. Williams, of the "Fun in a Boarding School" company, is at the Hotel Marion. Mr. Williams is awaiting for the return of C. C. Pettit, to arrange for a date here.

—The Prohibition meetings at the City Hall yesterday afternoon and evening were well attended. Rev. Ainsworth, of Illinois, and Geo. B. Cruzen, of Hardin county, were the speakers.

—'Tis the last straw hat of summer left ling'ring alone; its shabby companions all faded and gone. Full soon from the streets will this, too, disappear, to be thrown to a closet till cleaned for next year.

—Hildebrand had only a $15 house last night, and he would have been stranded here had it not been for the usual liberality of Messrs. Pettit Bros., who donated the rent of the hall and their services.

—The League game of polo at Galion, Tuesday night, between the Apollo Team of Bucyrus and the Criterions of Galion, was easily won by the home team. They made three straight goals in less than twenty-five minutes.

—Among the visitors at the Mt. Gilead Fair today were: Mrs. Bolt, Mrs I. Trimble, Mrs. Dr. Christian, Judge Norris, Mrs. G. B. Christian, Mrs. J. E. Crow, Mrs. Clark Turney, Dr. Adams, J. B. Riley and D. H. Harvey, jr.

—Mrs. Wm. McClusky, the woman who poisoned herself and baby, at Urbana, Tuesday night, died this morning at six o'clock. The baby will be buried in its mother's arms, as she requested in her letter written just before she took the poison.

—Voters are asked to vote "yes" on the constitutional amendment changing the Ohio State election to November. Several good reasons are given. It entails a heavy expense upon taxpayers, and stagnates business to hold two elections in the presidential year. By all means vote, yes!

—Old fashioned quilting and husking bees are the latest church amusements. The ladies bring a quilt and do quilting, and the gentlemen are set to work over a pile of ears of corn. The girls take a hand too, but a committee examines the ears to see that there are no red ones among the pile.

—Speaking of the Almont trotting affair, the Caledonia Argus says, and says truly: "If we must have racing, let it be done honestly. Horses should go on their merits, and the time they make should be given correctly, then the 'official time' and the 'correct time' would not differ by several seconds. This has the appearance of trickery, if not something worse. Marion county Fair has a well-deserved reputation; let every effort be made to retain it."

—The B. and O. Red Book for Ohio, 1885, is out, and, as usual, comes at the time it is most valuable. It is full of political statistical data as a ripe walnut is of meat, and if the State results can be summed up, compared and figured out to a more comprehensive extent than they are in the edition in question, no one has ever attempted it. As of old, C. K. Lord, G. P. A. of the B. and O., at Baltimore, sends the Red Book to all inclosing him stamp with address.

—There is a story making the rounds of the press, of a young man who asked a pretty girl to waltz with him. She was willing, and placing his arm around her waist, he took position upon the floor. The music started, but the young man did not. "Why don't you go on?" she asked. 'Because," he answered, "this is all I know about it." Of course she blushed, but why should she? What was the difference between standing still with a young man hugging her, and whirling in time with the music of the band?

How We Missed.

Last week our readers did not get the WEEKLY and accordingly a great deal of disappointment was made known to us, yet our readers regretted it no more than we did. For the past two months we have been bothered considerably by our press breaking, but we had always managed to have it repaired in time for our Weekly edition. Last week, however, we were just completing our "Fair Edition" on Friday afternoon when another serious break occurred and printing our WEEKLY as we do on Friday nights, it was impossible to have it in working order in time to issue. It was also impossible to get the presswork done elsewhere, so the work of a week was lost. We shall endeavor to have no more like occurances.

Fire!

A large log house occupied by Fred. Tolmer, situated about one-half mile west of Idleman's Corner, was completely destroyed by fire yesterday afternoon at about three o'clock.

The fire started from a defective flue in the second story, and everything upstairs was destroyed, including all the clothing. Some of the furniture was saved, and taken to a neighbor's house.

In the cellar were a lot of winter provisions, including forty-five bushels of potatoes and fifteen bushels of apples, all of which were lost.

Mrs. Folmer was lying on a sick bed while the fire was burning all around her. Mr. Crow and son, Bert, who were driving by the place, took her from the building and drove with her to the house of a neighbor.

The loss falls heavily upon Mr. Fulmer as he is a laboring man and was given the use of some land to raise his winter provisions.

The building was owned by a Mr. Theibot, whose loss is about $1500. It is not known whether the house or contents were insured.

Baggage Attached.

Hildebrand's baggage and properties were attached at the C., C., C. and I. depot after the performance last night. The attachment was sworn out by the manager of the Upper Sandusky Opera House for the non-fulfilment of a date made there.

Hildebrand started out this season under the management of a firm who left him in the lurch a few weeks since. They made a date at Upper Sandusky, and Mr. Hildebrand knew nothing about it. The agent employed by the firm of managers came here and made contracts, and borrowed money of the manager here on account of Hildebrand, which he had no right to do, as he was not employed by him.

The attachment is for bill posting, etc., for the sum of $15. Constable Jones had the papers, and the baggage was held here.

Mr. Hildebrand went to Galion today, and with him the constable to sell tickets and take the money to satisfy the claim of Mr. Lime.

Sympathy is with Mr. Hildebrand, and Mr. Lime is severely censured for the small piece of business, as under the circumstances Mr. H. is blameless.

Green Camp.

Our schools commenced last Monday morning with prospects for a profitable term.

Rev. Zell, a former pastor of the Baptist church in this place, preached in that church in the morning and evening of Sabbath last, while Rev. Sutton filled his appointment at LaRue.

Quite a number of our citizens went to Marion, Saturday evening, to hear Mr. Morrison speak.

B. F. Moore has moved into his new home which he recently purchased, and Mr. D. R. Thomas has moved back to the farm place again.

Miss Mollie Schickendautz is teaching in the Coffy district.

Dr. Oatley and Arthur Hurd, of Richwood, were in town Wednesday.

W. N. Switzer, with "Gypsy Queen" wagon, was here Wednesday.

Mr. Cornelius Onselman had six dollars taken from his pocket at the fair last week. NIX.

LaRue.

The weather is again warm and calm and the health is generally improved.

Allen & Slaner are building a fine new shed over their saw mill.

W. H. DeLong's home troupe produced "Trixy" at the Opera House last Tuesday evening with Miss Josie Burke, of Cincinnati, as Trixy. Shortly after her arrival, she was taken with a severe attack of neuralgia of the stomach, from which she had hardly recovered when she went on the stage. She, with the rest of the company did exceedingly well.

Miss Mary Kane is on the sick list this week.

Mrs. Joseph Dickason, who has been suffering for some time from a severe attack of fever is convalescent.

Hon. Look, of Michigan, made a rousing speech at this place last Monday evening.

Rev. Rowan will not be here until after election.

Dr. Scott took his horses to the Upper Sandusky fair, they are good ones.

We are to have two pikes made before long. The grading is going on now.

J. E. Crow, of Marion, was in town Wednesday on business.

Last Wednesday, an old gentleman by the name of Dildine, slipped and fell cutting his head, but luckily the cut was not severe.

A drunken fellow wandered into the residence of Dr. Copeland one night this week. It would have been a sight to see the Dr. and his son scaring off the burglar. After hard work they scared him out, who, as it happened, was only a helpless drunken fellow as above mentioned.

S. Allen's baby is suffering from a severe attack of brain fever.

The Ladies of the Marion Relief Association

Will serve their annual dinner and supper at their rooms, in the Masonic block, Tuesday, Oct. 13th.

No special soliciting committees have been appointed, but we appeal to the Marion public for help, and confidently expect that everyone will contribute liberally. Please send all cooked provisions hot, to the room by 11:30 o'clock.

The following list will include the articles desired:

Chicken pie, roast beef or veal, pork and beans, potatoes mashed, sweet potatoes, cold slaw, celery, pies of all kinds, bread, butter, cheese, jelly, cake, tea, coffee, sugar and cream.

Dinner served promptly at 12 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents.

THE TERRORS OF TEXAS.

Centipedes and Tarantulas Described by a Native—Not Deadly Poisonous.

[Austin Cor. Detroit Free Press.]

I see that, according to the various stories going the rounds, Texas continues to be terra incognita to the outside world. I propose to correct a few stories, and set the people of the world right.

No subject has furnished as much material for fictitious stories about Texas as the tarantula and the centipede. The tarantula is not a beautiful bird to look upon, I will admit, but that he is the holy terror and embodiment of death in its most horrible form is a fabrication by the enemy. He is nothing but a huge spider possessed of legs enough for a family of spiders, and has teeth that make small fry get out of the way. He can jump two or three inches—not ever four at his best, after training six months as an athlete. I have caught hundreds of tarantulas, and have irritated them until they became thoroughly hot in the collar, and have had them to try and jump on me, and they simply make a spasmodic movement, quickly, toward you, that resembles what you might call a jump caught on center, and then this movement ends in a little spring of three or four inches, which papers and Mulhattons have multiplied to several feet.

So great has become the terror of strangers regarding the Texas tarantula, that I have known men as well as women to stay awake all night when stopping in a small Texas town, because some one brought one of these tarantulas around and exhibited him to the company. He will run from you as fast as he can when you find him; and, should you touch him with anything, he will "do his best" to leave the country; should you stop him, however, he will merely grasp whatever you touch him with, give it a vicious bite and immediately start off again. He can bite very severely, if you give him a chance, but his bite is not fatal—at least, not more so than is that of the little green species of spider, which has been known to kill by causing erysipelas—which, also, the musquito has been known to do.

I say most positively, that no one can show a single authentic case where the tarantula has caused death by his bite directly through the venom he ejects. He is ugly, like the rattlesnake, in that he will bite when "cornered," but will run away every time if he can. His bite is very painful, and makes one quite sick for a few hours, but it is not fatal per se. A man in San Antonia was bitten by a tarantula this week, and was in bed one day, and suffered from the pain two or three days, but was never in any danger.

The centipede has not so many good points as the tarantula. In fact, all I can conscientiously say in favor of the centipede is that his sting, like the bite of the tarantula, is not necessarily fatal. I have never seen a person in my life who knows of any one having been killed by the sting of a centipede and I am personally acquainted with at least 30,000 people in Texas, and have lived here since 1858. I have known of hundreds who say they have seen parties stung by the centipede, and all have lived; but have only seen one person myself who has had that distinction. One of these insects, with his thirty or forty legs, ran up his sleeve one night while he was camping out. The insect was seeking "dry ground," as it was raining, and the man, slapping his arm on feeling something crawling there, pressed the centipede and made him sting. The flesh sloughed off along the place where the insect stung him several times, but he was not even very sick from it.

This shows that the centipede does not, as the popular eastern fallacy has it, sting with all his legs, but only with his tail, which is furnished with a formidable pair of pincers, with which he "gets in his work," as the small boy says. But neither he nor the tarantula frequent the house, only coming into a house here and there when it rains, and no one is bothered with them. A centipede always seems as anxious to get out of your sight as you are to have distance placed between you, hence he is always on the rapid retreat when seen. He will not crawl on a person except as a last resort, and then I doubt if he does not think it is something else. He is not there to bite you; of this you may be sure. No; the centipede is not dangerous. He is not deadly, nor is he half as often seen as people think who get their information from eastern papers.

It is a fact that old Texans will go half a mile to see a large specimen of the centipede that a neighbor has been fortunate enough to capture. They are rare. The collection at New Orleans and which struck new terror to the hearts of eastern people who contemplated a visit to Texas, was the result of years of watchfulness and toil on the part of scores of people in a hundred different portions of Texas. You, gentle, but too credulous, reader, may come to Texas and live, and look every day of your life for ten years and never see a live centipede nor a live tarantula.

Transplanting the Ague.

[Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.]

The possibility of transplanting or transferring the ague was once commonly entertained. It is usual with many persons in Germany who are affected with ague to visit at dead of night the nearest crossroad five different times, and there bury a new-laid egg. The visit is paid an hour before the cold fit is expected, and they are persuaded that with the egg they shall bury the ague.

If the experiment fails (and the agitation it occasions may often render it successful) they attribute it to some unlucky accident that may have befallen them on the way. In the course of the walk and in the performance of the rite they observe the strictest silence, taking care not to speak to any one whom they may happen to meet. By breaking a salted cake of bran and giving it to a dog when the fit comes on, the malady has been supposed to be transferred from the patient to the animal.

Daily Newspapers in New York.

[Chicago Times.]

Mr. Erastus Brooks says that he has seen 130 daily newspapers established in New York and of these only six are now in existence. He estimates that $25,000,000 have been sunk during that time upon daily newspapers, and yet every other college graduate thinks he can run a newspaper.

THE RHODE ISLAND CLAM.

Shoveling in the Mud—Baking the Clams—Quahaugs-Chowder.

[Providence Journal.]

Most of the clams used at the shore resorts of Narragansett bay come from the flats across the bay from Nayatt, on the Conimicut shore and on Green's island. As far up as Pawtuxet and about Sabin's point the clams are considered hard, glue-shelled, and gritty; but across at Bullock's point they are good, and the Bullock's pointers get their clams right at home. Two-thirds of the clams are got by "churning." The clam-gang wades out over the bed and shovels up mud and clams and everything that comes along into big wire baskets, which, when about full, are lifted out of the water, and a rinsing and shaking washes out the mud and leaves the clams. Two men and a boy attend to each basket, one man shoveling in the mud, the second getting out the clams, and the boy "culling" them. Churning can only be done at about half-tide, when the water is two or three feet deep, as, by the time the workman has to put his head under water when he bends over at shoveling, he soon has to give up the job. The suction on the shovels is tremendous, and they are made exceptionally strong.

When there are good tides, on the full and change of the moon, the clams may be raked out after the manner of non-professional diggers; a shovelful of mud is turned up at the time, and the clams it contains are raked out with the clam-hoe. Consideration of either of the above methods is sufficient for a true understanding of the happiness of the clam in high water. The clam ordinarily lies in the mud from two to eighteen inches; a clam that would bury itself much deeper than eighteen inches is not to be looked upon with favor. It is a wearing life that the clam diggers lead, working as they do five or six hours at a time in the water, and so hard as to be constantly wet with perspiration.

The tide was about half in, and the mud-flats were scattered over with all sorts of refuse, shells and weeds. The captain bent down and picked up what looked at first like a minute, broken off bit of clam-shell, but as it lay in his hand, a closer look revealed it a perfectly-formed clam shell, a beautiful object, not as big as a baby's little finger nail, as white as alabaster, and the light showing pink through its delicate substance. The least pressure would have crushed it to almost invisible atoms. "That's a clam," said the captain, "that's maybe three weeks old, and you'll find millions about here. As quick as they get any size they will begin to burrow down into the mud. The whole shore is covered with them, and in all my experience of thirty years I never saw such a 'set.' They are so thick that the prospect is they will not grow fast, and it will take two or three years for them to get big enough unless they die off. A handful of these will make more'n a bushel when they are grown up." A careful look over the muddy beach revealed these beautiful miniature clam-shells yet without a trace of meat within them in hundreds, and a microscope would have shown thousands where the few were visible to the naked eye.

Well, once the clams are out of the water and in the boats, they are towed to shore, where they are piled in a shed, picked over, and carefully washed. Five or six men are employed constantly at this work at the larger resorts. The preparation of the pile on which the clams are to bake is the next step, and this is done on much the same plan everywhere; a pile of wood is laid, on every layer of which cobblestones are placed, and the burning of the wood heats the stones and makes them ready to have the clams thrown on top. At Rocky point, instead of building the pile on the ground it is laid on a surface of stone cemented with fire-clay, and some such plan has been adopted in other places. This allows of the stones being pulled off after the wood is consumed and the plate swept clear of ashes, when the stones are piled on it again. Over the hot stones a mass of rockweed is piled, and the sight of a line of waiters with tubs of clams between them running at breakneck speed for the pile, forming a circle about it, and emptying the tubs on top with concerted effort, is familiar. Over the whole the canvas is laid, seaweed is heaped, and a fragrant steam arises from the pile. Twenty minutes later the clams are ready for the table.

The Rhode Island clam is, alas, going out of use for chowder. It has too much grit in its belly, and when it is cut up it makes a chowder not agreeable to look at; and so about two thirds of the chowder clams are quahaugs—so to express it. Old-fashioned people say they like the longneck clams better, but the quahaugs are white and clean and palatable thus prepared, and of late years have come into general use. If the visitor to Rocky point should chance to stroll down toward the beach behind the laundry-house he would discover near the water an old shed. Against the side facing him is a huge pile of quahaug shells, and through a slit that runs the whole length of the shed quahaug shells are flying out in a way at once mysterious and startling. But behind the opening is a bench, and at the bench are three or four men opening quahaugs for chowder, "cut-outs" they call them, and a few of the largest clams are also cut out for the same purpose. The quahaugs come from Edgartown, and a schooner brings 200 or 300 bushels of them every fortnight, which are emptied in a shed where the water constantly flows over them. Quahaugs "grow" close to the surface of the mud and are raked out the same as oysters, or may be "trod out" at low water. Three hundred gallons of chowder make an average course for a good-sized excursion party. Patent clam choppers chew longnecks and littlenecks into tidbits in no time to put into the cauldron.

The shells are about the only things left after a well-organized excursion party has attacked a clam-bake. These are carted off and dumped on some stretch of waste land. The accumulated shells of a season of some eighty days is considerable. They lie in the sun until the following spring. Then they are spread over the roads, and prime roads they do make. The quahaug shells make the best, and are spread about the cottagers' highways and in the more "select" localities.

A VERY NICE PAIR.

[Waverly Magazine.]

Miss Sousie set one slipper tip upon the fender's edge and leaned her bronze curls against the mantle. She had noted the elongation of her guest's aristocratic visage, then turned to watch the coals flare and pale between the bars of the grate.

"Do you mean everything?" gasped Mrs. Deane. "Lost everything!"

"Oh, my wardrobe and some jewelry will be left, probably. I am sorry to part with the library."

"Library! You seem not at all to realize your situation."

"Oh, yes, I realize everything," said the girl carelessly. "After selling the house and all this"—indicating by a nonchalant motion her luxurious surroundings—"there will be enough to settle my accounts and rent a country house somewhere."

"My dear girl, what will you do, with your delicate, fastidious training, in a country house?"

"Bury it and train myself better. I cooked breakfast this morning to begin."

Mrs. Deane arched her fine brows in patrician protest.

"But your sister, Mrs. Trenton; surely she might provide for you!"

"Poor Nellie!" said Sousie. "She has lost, too. We will creep into obscurity together."

"Oh, don't mention obscurity," with a graceful motion that seemed to obliterate the disagreeable word. "You have so many friends—they would miss you so much."

"True," said Sousie, "but they might find me embarrassing in a calico dress and soliciting employment."

"Then you have planned," faltered her guest, "how are you to—to live?"

"Minus servants, salmon and silk," with a light laugh. "Fortunately we have moderate appetites, and for necessaries I can decorate plaques or something."

Mrs. Deane rose. There was a faint jingle from the jet fringe on her velvet dress. The diamonds in her ears winkled pressively. She sent a speculative glance around the room.

"If you really contemplate a sale of all your pretty trifles, I will assist in purchasing."

"How good you are!" said Miss Sousie, with beautiful sarcasm in her eyes.

"And you paint so sweetly, no doubt you will find an easy career as an artist. I shall be charmed to introduce my friends when they have orders."

"How good you are!" repeated the girl.

"Good-bye. I am so sorry you are going away from us into the country."

Then Mrs. Deane withdrew the velvet and jet and diamonds.

"Well!" came merrily from an antе room. "How did she bear it? Did she weep and say 'entreat me not to leave thee!' Did she beg to be your sister and mother-in-law and banker?"

"We could go to 'Strawberry Hill' tomorrow, Nellie," said Sousie, with her eyes on the fire again.

"We could embark for Feegee land tomorrow, but whether we will—'ay, there's the rub!'" And Mrs. Nellie came in and knelt to rake the fire.

"It is untenanted this year, and in tolerable repair," continued Sousie, musingly.

"I remember spending weeks in that fair cottage once, years ago," said Mrs. Nellie, as she sat down on her heels and rattled the poker upon the fender reflectively. "Twas in a bleak December; the walls loomed out of mist and persimmon trees; within, the doors creaked, the ceilings were stunted, the windows shook as with continual ague, the fireplaces yawned far and howled for wood, and it was given them in cords of hickory, pine and oak; but soon it was all no more, and yet warmth came not, except in flushes upon my phiz."

"Yes," admitted Sousie, complacently. "It is the poorest respectable place I can think of."

"Why not find cheap boarding?"

"But what dreadful people we might meet."

"Well, we can have curtains and one stove, I suppose," said Mrs. Nellie, with a sigh of surrender.

"In the kitchen, yes; and we will go to-morrow, please. I do not want to meet every one."

"Every one," repeated the pretty little widow, demurely, "defined, any one—some one—him. I always was bright at grammar."

"I confess only this," said Sousie, with a sudden glow on her face. "I am afraid of becoming cynical."

Mrs. Nellie plunged her poker deep in the coals and looked serious.

"Have you no faith in—'every one?'" she asked.

"To-night will show if it is deserved," said Sousie, turning away.

"Is that quite fair? Mrs. Deane may not impart her news at once, or he may not be at home."

"He was to call to-night."

"Oh-h-h!"

Mrs. Nellie looked wise.

"I did not want to wait until—"

"I quite understand," said the fire disturber, filling the pause blandly, "and I shall dress for dinner instead of packing for a mythical journey."

But a servant arrived with a mass of violets and a note. Miss Sousie read with head very erect, and a proud curve deepened on her lips:

"MISS DENNY: Let these, your favorite flowers, remind you of one most unwillingly absent. I am called away on business, and can not hope to see you to-night.

"Yours faithfully,

"ROBERT DEANE."

The paper fell to Mrs. Nellie's knees, and she rested the red hot poker against her dress while she perused it.

"Of course she told him at once," said Sousie, "and truly a wise son maketh a glad stepmother."

"Well, said Mrs. Nellie, when the poker had created some excitement and found a safer stand, "the Hegira must be, I suppose; but," and she looked earnestly into the proud, pale face opposite, "but, my Lady Doubtful, there is some mistake. Notwithstanding Mrs. Deane and the potent 'jingle of the guinea,' Robert Deane is a true man, true as a sunflower."

* * * * *

Strawberry Hill was a dreary view for a rainy day. The strawberry tint was minus even in the sunset. There were gray clouds, gray walls, gray fields. Miss Sousie watched the drip, drip down the windows gloomily. She was beside the fire and well wrapped in shawls draped cap-a-pied.

Mrs Nellie was beating a tattoo on the small center table.

"Well, do you think this will do," she inquired. "Two weeks of this style of tragedy is a fine experience, of course; but in time one might have to be buried in the monotony. We have enjoyed smoke, potatoes, and rain, rain, potatoes and smoke, and—"

A rush of smoke poured from the chimney, following a gust of wind that made the windows seem all rattle and draught.

"When my ship comes in," said Mrs. Nell, "there shall be no smoky chimneys, no curtainless windows, no beefsteakless breakfasts, no false lovers—in all the world."

"And we will make a little Paradise of Strawberry Hill, and find some poor young couple who have ventured on a life of poverty together because they loved each other, and we'll give them the place and pay their taxes," said Sousie, enthusiastically.

"We'll select a girl who rejected a millionaire for the poor man," said Nellie. "By the by, would she be hard to find, do you think? Imagine a girl in a miserable home, and no hope of anything except our wealthy suitor—how powerful he would be! Still he would be rather an incumbrance afterward."

"Not compared with scanty meals and clothes and abundant housework," said Sousie. "Love is much, but money is everything. Not money itself, you know—no woman is a miser—but its highest result. And such a step need not be supremely selfish; there would be his happiness to consider."

"He would be very happy when he guessed the situation," said Mrs. Nell, sarcastically.

"He need not know."

Then the small colloquy interrupted.

"There's a gentleman in the hall."

"It's Uncle Jack," asserted Sousie, confidently. "Bring him in, Nellie." And she knelt to stir the logs into a brighter blaze.

But 'twas Robert Deane who entered.

"How wet you are," cried Nellie, while her sister rose dumbly. "And how long you have been remembering us."

"I've not forgotten anything," said Robert with a rare smile, "and only got home this morning."

"And you had not heard before?" cried Nellie quickly.

"Not a word."

Sousie flushed to the roots of her hair and then burst into tears.

"If you will take off your overcoat," said Nellie demurely, "I'll take it to the kitchen to dry."

* * * * *

Though Mrs. Nellie made an occasional grimace of protest, the sisters lingered at Strawberry Hill.

"One can be not rich without actual suffering," Miss Sousie had decided; and some comforts crept into the cottage.

Returning from a call on "Uncle Jack" one day, Miss Sousie's eyes and cheeks were unusually brilliant. Mr. Deane looked inquisitive when he called.

"I have had a fortune given me," was the answer to his glance.

"Yes?" said Robert.

"And I am very proud of it."

"Proud of it?"

"It was so generous. The giver could not have done more if he loved me with all his heart."

"Perhaps he does."

"He gives me $20,000 that I may do—what do you think, Sir Robert?"

She stood beside him with one little hand on the arm of his chair, and there were tears in her shining eyes.

"How could I guess?" said Robert.

"That I may marry only a man I love."

"And will that send me away?" asked Robert, huskily.

She put her hands together and laughed softly.

"Will you make confession, Sir Robert? Then you may question."

"You know then?" with a quick flash.

"You overheard Nell and me that day," in a low tone, "and would have gone home in disgust only I—I cried so——"

"Wait, if you please. I will tell it myself," said Robert, catching the little hands on their way to hide her face. "That day I hardly thought at all of what you said, I was so rejoiced at the prospect of seeing you again, and when you cried—I think I was the happiest fellow in the world. But afterward that 'money is everything,' haunted me. At last I sent a lawyer to your guardian. How he came to guess and then be mean enough to betray me——"

"Of course he never guessed anything," said Sousie, scornfully. "I guessed."

"Well—shall you decline the gift or accept the condition?" asked Robert, laughing.

Those tears in her eyes had been wonderfully reassuring.

"I would like to know how you came by that $20,000," Miss Sousie said.

Robert's eyes widened.

"You did not know that I was rich?"

"I thought you were your cousin's clerk?"

"His partner, and first in the firm."

Miss Sousie gave a little gasp and looked at the curtains. Robert leaned toward her with attentive eyes.

"You thought me a presumptuous fortune hunter, then, when I did not come?"

She blushed furiously, then mischevious dimples came about her lips.

"We will not say much about what any one has been thinking," she said, "or Mr. Deane's conscience might be uncomfortable."

Mr. Deane looked alert.

"Do you know," he said, rising with sudden excitement, "I believe you have not lost a single cent."

"Oh, yes," said Sousie, her voice quivering with laughter, "I threw a dollar from the window expressly."

"So"—from Mrs. Trenton on the threshold—"the drama is over. May the next contain less doubt and more comfort. Will you walk in to supper, les miserables?"

Oliver Wendell Holmes: Vulgar persons and public audiences of inferior collective intelligence have this in common: The least thing draws off their minds when you are speaking to them.

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A FAMILY AFFAIR

BY HUGH CONWAY

[CONTINUED]

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MADONNA DI TEMPI

Beatrice's letter, after having been perused and commented upon by the Talberts, was sent on to Frank Carruthers. A note from Herbert was enclosed with it. "You will see"—he wrote—"that this letter is as unsatisfactory as its predecessors. It gives us absolutely no information as to where she is or why she left us. Now that we are assured of her being well, and, we suppose, safe, our feeling about her prolonged and unexplained absence is more than regret—it is, in fact, serious annoyance. We find it quite a strain to answer inquiries about her without contradicting one another."

Naturally the envelope which bore Herbert's handwriting was the first opened by Carruthers, and of course he read Beatrice's letter before he read Herbert's. He searched the former in vain for his own name, little thinking how the writer had sat for a long time before she could bring herself to seal her letter without sending him a crumb of comfort. He then read Herbert's commentary and smiled faintly as he drew a ludicrous picture of Horace and Herbert making counter statements to their friends. He mused a while, holding Beatrice's letter in his hand. Her fingers had touched that sheet of paper; so he actually pressed it to his lips, and in doing so caught a faint lingering odor of what he remembered was her favorite perfume. It was clear that Mr Carruthers' disease was as rampant as ever.

By and by he turned to see what else Fate had brought him. Nowadays Fate shoots many of her arrows from the general post-office. Carruthers found among other letters one addressed in a woman's handwriting. It had been sent to Oxford and at Oxford redirected to London. He opened it carelessly and found it contained a half sheet of note paper, on which was written: "Remember your promise. Wait, oh, be patient and wait!"

Carruthers threw it aside with a bitter smile. He well knew who was the writer. Wait! What was there to wait for? However, the sight of those words brought back the memory of that strange nocturnal visit, of the woman's earnest, even impassioned appeal to him, to "wait five, ten, twenty years for the one he loved." Why should she write now and repeat the appeal? She who knew everything, she who had accompanied Beatrice and who was probably with her now.

He could not get the memory of that strange creature with her dreary belief, yet unswerving faith as to his own future, from his mind. At the time the woman's earnestness had impressed him more than he cared to confess. Superstition is a quality to the possession of which no man of our time is willing to own, not even to himself. Yet nine men out of ten are superstitious.

Carruthers told himself that such hope as he had gathered from Mrs. Miller's words was simply gathered because he believed her to be in Beatrice's confidence. Here he was wrong. It was the woman's broad but absolute assertion, uttered with the passionate inspiration of a prophetess of old, that happiness in this world awaited him and Beatrice, which had been of aid to him in his trouble. If faith can move stubborn mountains, why not a heart which is willing enough to move in a particular direction?

And now this woman repeated her message, and, as Carruthers read the letter, told him his case was no more hopeless than it was months ago.

He took the note which he had crumpled up and tossed away; he spread it out and read it again. He found, moreover, that it was written on paper similar to that used by Beatrice, and upon turning it over he saw on the back a few words in pencil. They were written so faintly that he had to carry the note to a strong light in order to decipher them.

The words were "Madonna di Tempi," and to the best of his belief, as experts say when giving evidence, the handwriting was Beatrice's.

What did the words mean, and how far would they aid him in finding Beatrice? He soon settled in his mind that "Madonna di Tempi" must be the name of a picture. But what picture? Where was it to be found?

Of course, it did not follow that supposing he could ascertain all about this picture which might or might not be a world-famed one, that he would find Beatrice near it. Nevertheless, the clew was worth following. He would have followed a finer clew than this to the end of the world on the chance of its leading him to Beatrice. So he at once set about the task of getting information, if information could be got, respecting a picture called the "Madonna di Tempi." He hoped, but his hopes were not very strong. Indeed, he could not help comparing his case to that of the fair Sarah con's, who found her lover by the aid of two words. Yet she was better off than he was. She at least had the name of a place for one of her talismanic words. He had the name of what he supposed to be a picture, nothing more.

Mr. Carruthers was not one of the inner circle of art worshippers. His sallet, his sturm und drang, his emotional days, were well over before the era of blue and white china. He had no rhapsodies, written or spoken, to raise hereafter and prick his conscience. He had not bowed his knee to the intense, nor sacrificed on the altar of the incomprehensible. He was fond of pictures as pictures, and was bold enough to say he liked what he did like and that he disliked what he did dislike. Hence it will be at once seen that his opinion was worth nothing to any one except himself.

Having forgot what knowledge not indispensible, he could not, like many men, check off on his fingers the principal productions of the grand old masters and name the spot of earth on which each one could be found. But like the man who, when challenged to fight, replied, "I can't fight myself, but I have a little friend who can," and forthwith struck down his challenger with a short, stout poker, Mr Carruthers, if he did not know these things himself, had a friend who knew.

This friend was a Mr Burnett a recognised art authority.

Frank found Mr Burnett at his rooms, writing—critiques on the recently opened exhibitions most likely.

"Do you know any picture called the 'Madonna di Tempi'?" asked Carruthers.

"A picture called the 'Madonna di Tempi.' Ah, yes. The 'Madonna di Tempi' Painted by Raphael. You have heard of Raphael, Carruthers?"

"Where is it?" asked Frank quickly.

"It is in the Old Pinakothek."

"In the what?"

"My dear Carruthers how ignorant you are. I thought you studied Greek at Oxford—Pinakothek is derived from a Greek word—"

"I know all that, but where is it?"

"Your ignorance is deplorable. The Old Pinakothek is in Munich. Munich you may know, is the capital of——"

Frank jumped up. "Thank you, he said, 'I am so much obliged.'"

"Not going, Carruthers! Oh, sit down and have a chat. Tell me all about your book. You must be dying to tell me all."

"No, I'm not. I must go now. Good bye."

"But where are you going?"

The words you read have fired me. I am going to Munich to see the 'Madonna di Tempi'." And before Mr Burnett could get out another question Carruthers was gone.

"The words you read have fired me. I am going to Munich."

The smallest slips ruin the most cleverly devised schemes. The omission of the addition on a bill of exchange of a simple mark called a "tick," sent Messrs. Bidwell & Co into retirement at the country's expense, instead of enjoying the fat of a foreign land at the cost of the old lady of Threadneedle street. An act of Beatrice's that of penciling down in an idle moment the title of a picture which had struck her fancy, brought Mr Carruthers in hot haste to her hiding place. Fate is turned by a feather.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE TRUTH AT LAST.

Carruthers reached Munich late at night. He went straight to that comfortable hotel the "Four Seasons, and, feeling that the hour was too late to begin his researches, supped and went to bed. In spite of his excitement at the thought of being in the same town as Beatrice, he slept soundly. Man is but mortal and after travelling as fast as is possible from London to Munich it takes a great deal to spoil a night's rest. So in the morning Carruthers arose refreshed and eager to begin the quest.

But how to begin it? He was not even sure that its object was in Munich. Because she had written down the name of a picture it did not follow she was near that work of art. She might only have paid Munich a flying visit—might now be miles and miles away. He grew very despondent as he realized the slender, fragile nature of the clew which he had so impetuously taken up and followed. Nevertheless, he vowed he would not leave Munich until he felt sure it did not harbor the fugitives.

He stepped through the swinging doors of his hotel and stood in the broad Maximillians-Strasse. He hesitated, uncertain what to do, which way to turn. So far as he could see, his only chance of finding Beatrice was meeting her in the public streets, his only plan was to walk about those streets until he met her. *At any rate he would do nothing* but this for the next few days. If unsuccessful he would then think whether he could apply to such persons as might be able to tell him what strangers were living in Munich.

He turned to the right, went across the Platz, and into the fair Ludwig-Strasse. He walked on with palaces on either hand until he came to the gate of victory. Preoccupied as Mr Carruthers was, the number of magnificent buildings he passed greatly impressed him. However, he deferred his admiration until happier times.

A kind of superstition made him think it well to see the picture which had brought him so far. He inquired the way to the Old Pinakothek, and upon arriving there sought for and found the 'Madonna di Tempi." He stood for a long time contemplating it, not because he so much admired it as in the hope that fate might bring Beatrice to his side. *She did not come, so he bade the "Madonna"* adieu, and after having run quickly through the large rooms and cabinets in the hope of encountering Beatrice, he left the building wishing that the living masterpiece he sought was as easy to find as that of the dead artist.

Keeping to what seemed the principal and most populous streets he found himself once more in front of his hotel. He started off in an opposite direction, went down the broad Maximillians-Strasse. More palaces, more statues, but no Beatrice. At last he stood on the stone bridge which spans the shallow but rapid Isar. He stopped and looked at the curious artificial bed of smooth planks over which the river runs, and then he looked down into the little triangular pleasure garden which lies between the two arms of the stream.

In the garden, on one of the seats, intently engaged with a book, sat Beatrice. Her little boy was playing near her. It needed not the sight of the boy to assure Carruthers he was not mistaken. Like all lovers, he told himself he would have known that graceful head, that perfect form at least a mile away. Yes, there was Beatrice! The "Madonna" had not led him astray. Had Carruthers been a Roman Catholic he might have shown his gratitude by the expenditure of pounds and pounds of wax candles.

He stood for some time watching Beatrice. Now that he had found her he trembled at his own act. He trembled at the thought of what he had to say to her, what she had to say to him. He comforted himself by the assurance that he had only sought her, broken through her concealment, for the sake of giving, or at least offering, such help as he could give.

After this he walked slowly down to the garden and stood in front of her. She raised her eyes and knew him. Her book fell to the ground. She sprang to her feet and uttered a little cry, a cry that sounded very sweet to Mr Carruthers, as it was unmistakably one of pleasure. At the unexpected appearance of the man she loved, for a moment there was no thought in her heart save that of joy. She stretched out her hands. "Frank! Frank!" she cried. "You here!"

He took her hands in his and regardless of bystanders gazed into her gray eyes. For a moment he could not speak. The sight of Beatrice, the touch of her hand sent the blood rushing through his veins. Days, weeks, months, he had pictured this meeting, and now it had come to pass.

She was fairer than ever—fairer than ever! The pure classical features seemed even more perfect, the clear pale face more beautiful than of old. And as she had given that little cry of joy something had leapt into her eyes which Carruthers had never before seen there or never before seen so clearly and predominantly. The suffering of years

him and swept away caution, and for the space of two seconds, Frank was able to read the very secret of her soul.

No wonder he held her hands and gazed silently in her face. What had he to say? What could he say? The certainty that she loved him made his task no easier—the task of telling her that he knew her secret, or at least a great part of it—the task of asking her to confide in him and let him help her. So he remained silent until she gently drew her hands from his.

The light had faded from Beatrice's face. She also, after a moment of forgetfulness, was coming back to her own world and its troubles. Her eyes dropped and her face clouded.

"How did you find me?" she asked in troubled tones.

"By a strange chance. I will tell you how some day."

"Tell me now."

Frank shook his head.

"Not now," he said. "Let it suffice that I have found you."

"But" said Beatrice with agitation, "others know—can others find me? If you learn it why not another?"

He saw the display of fear, and hastened to reassure her. "No one save myself can learn it in the same way. Your retreat is safe."

She sighed her relief. There was an awkward pause. Frank was the first to break it.

"Beatrice," he said, "I have come a long way to see you. I have much to say—you may have much to say to me. Can we go to some place where we can talk?"

"Yes, we can go to my home," Beatrice called her boy, and Frank, glad of anything to break the awkwardness of the moment, guided the little fellow and made friends with him to such purpose that he insisted upon Mr Carruthers holding his chubby hand and walking with him.

"What a pity to cut that bright hair," said Frank to Beatrice.

"It was more than pity—it was cruel, but it was cruel necessity," she said sadly.

Beatrice led the way to the house in which she lived. She walked with her head bent and as one in deep thought. She could not make up her mind whether to be glad or sorry at Frank's coming. She saw, however, that it put an end to her present mode of life. That it meant confession, revealment of everything. That it meant return to England and to such friends as would still be her friends. That if it meant shame and sorrow, it also meant safety and immunity from persecution. She began to regret that she had yielded to Sarah's wish to go to England and see Hervey. But that was not of much consequence. She felt sure that as soon as Carruthers learned her history he would pass into hands more competent to deal with them than the hands of two weak women. So on the whole her feelings were those of relief.

And yet for some, for one reason, Frank was the last person she would have chosen to whom to reveal her secrets. She shrank from having to show the man she loved that her life for years had been one of deceit. Now that the deceit had to be confessed to him, it seemed to lose all the innocent nature which she had hitherto flattered herself it possessed. In short, if such a thing can be imagined, Beatrice felt, as Carruthers once felt her to be, as an idol would feel when just upon the point of being hurled down from its pedestal.

Carruthers, who had his own thoughts to trouble him, and to whom it seemed that any conventional remarks would at the present juncture be mockery, respected her meditations, so that, save for the happy prattle of the boy, silence reigned until Beatrice found herself in her room with Frank sitting near her. It struck her as strange that he of all others should be here that even now she wondered if she was dreaming. She shunned his eyes, fearing to read reproach in them.

"How are they all at home?" she asked. "How are my uncles, and dear old Hazlewood?" Her eyes filled with tears. Her emotion did not escape Carruthers.

"They are all well," he said. "I hear from Herbert a few days ago. He sent my letter."

"Will they ever forgive me?" said Beatrice. "Will they ever speak to me again?"

"I hope so," said Frank gravely. "They were, of course, much vexed and upset."

Beatrice glanced at him nervously. Even he had but held out a hope of forgiveness and he loved her. She wished he had not come to Munich.

"Do they know my reason for leaving England?" she asked, timidly.

"No. They have hazarded many guesses *but not one has been near the truth.*"

She started at his answer. The truth! Did he know the truth? If so, how had he learned it?

"Do you know why I left?" she asked.

A look of pain settled on Carruthers' face. "Yes," he said, softly. "Chance has given me your story. But to me—only to me."

"Do you know all—all that I have done all that I have suffered?"

He rose. There was strange agitation in his manner and voice.

"All!" he exclaimed. "Beatrice! Beatrice! how can I find words to tell you what I know? Beatrice did I not just now hear that child call you mother?"

"Yes, he is my son," she said calmly.

"All!" continued Carruthers, excitedly. "Need I know all? Need I be racked by hearing the one I love tell me all? Need I pain her by forcing her to hear me? Have I not heard enough? Why should I seek to know more?"

"Let me tell you my story, Frank," she said beseechingly.

"No! He spoke in that imperious tone which she had once before in a slighter degree noticed. "No! Listen to me Beatrice, believe me, I have longed to find you. I have sighed for this moment. If I have surprised your secrets it was not for my own ends. Beatrice, when chance showed me where you were I came to you with but one object. This morning—even when, at last, I saw you, I had but one thought. It was to come to you to say I have sought you because you are in distress, because you want help. Such help as I can give is yours. Without question without the hope of reward, it is yours."

Again she strove to interrupt him. He checked her.

"Listen! I have more, much more to say. I have seen you again his voice changed to one of supreme tenderness. I have held your hands. I have looked into your face—the same sweet face of my dreams. Beatrice all is changed with me. he knelt beside her and took her hands once I wished to know all now I say to me nothing. What is the past to me? Hide it away forget it, scorn it. Our life begins to-day. I love you. Bend down and tell me you will be my wife."

She forcibly drew her hands from his, covered her eyes and sobbed.

"You love me," he went on, passionately. Is it for my sake you will not do this thing. Look at me—read in my eyes what my heart assures—know that you have the power of making or marring a man's life. Pentrice. My love, my only love answer me."

Once more he tried to take her hands. Before she drew them away with a cry of anguish, a fearful expression on his troubled, upturned face.

"Frank," she said, "you are killing me. You are cruel, you are not a man."

He waited in anxious silence. Her sobs died away and sustained speech was a possibility.

"Frank, Frank!" she said. "You have been misled. You have heard but half the truth. You love me yet dare to think that if what you have heard is true I would be your wife. I cannot blame you for believing. I have no right to blame. My actions have helped that belief. Yet in believing it, you Frank, have given me the sharpest pain of all that I have known."

Carruthers bent his head and prayed she would forgive him.

"I have nothing to forgive. From whom did you think I fled—from what danger? Frank, I fled from the man who is my husband—the man who more than five years ago took advantage of a girl's folly, married her and made her life a misery."

Carruthers rose from his knees. His face was white as a sheet. He was the picture of despair. A legion of Mrs. Millers would no now have caused hope to throw up the tiniest shoot. Her husband! The room seemed to swim around him.

When he recovered himself he saw Beatrice with the tears falling down her cheeks. The sight was a bitter reproach to him. How had he kept his vow! Instead of giving her comfort and aid he was but adding to her trouble. Moreover, a keen sense of shame came home to him. Instead of joy he felt fresh misery when Beatrice's words told him that her secret was not one of such nature as he had been led to believe. That his first thought upon hearing the truth should have been one of sorrow showed him that he had reached a depth of selfishness, and degradation which no love could excuse or condone. He blushed for himself, and for the sake of his manhood strove until he regained composure. There was a strange calm on his face when, once more, he drew near Beatrice.

"Tell me all," he said, in a quiet voice. "No don't fear for me." She glanced at him inquiringly. "Tell me all. I can bear it. I can help you."

She told him all. Told him without self excuse without even exaggerating her husband's sins against the world and against her. She told him without claiming mercy on account of what she had suffered, but *there was a pathos in her voice, an utter* hopelessness in her manner which told her listener more than words could have told. His heart ached as he thought of her, his blood boiled as he thought of the villain who had wrought this misery.

He heard her to the very end in silence. Throughout her tale she had not spoken of her husband by any name, but from the first Carruthers guessed who he was. As she finished speaking he turned his pale face to her. "The man's name is Hervey," he said.

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"I have seen him twice." As he spoke Carruthers involuntarily clenched his hands. There was a kind of savage satisfaction in thinking under what conditions he last saw the rogue. He wished he had struck even harder. He frowned, and his mouth grew hard and stern. Beatrice saw the facial change.

"Do you blame me too much to forgive me, Frank?" she asked, anxiously. He looked at her with eyes as soft and tender as a woman's.

"Blame you? Who am I to blame you? What have I to forgive? You have all my pity—all my sympathy. Again I offer you such help as I can give—such help as a brother can give a sister. You will take this from me, Beatrice?"

She placed her hand in his. "Yes, I will take it. It is more than I deserve. Ah, no! why should my trouble enter into your life?"

His fingers tightened on hers. His eyes sought hers. "Beatrice," he said, "I did not live until I knew you. You have a right to claim all I can give. Yet there is something I must ask—something I must know. You have told me much—will you tell me all?"

"I have told you all."

"No, not all. Beatrice, life promises to be but a sorry affair for me. Let me have such cold consolation as it can give. Beatrice, let me hear you say with your own lips that had things been otherwise you could have loved me—would have been my wife."

She met his eyes bravely. "Yes, Frank," she said softly. "I will say that. I will say more. I love you now. Ah, Frank, reproach me, blame me when I tell you that although I knew it meant unhappiness for you it was a sweet moment to me when first I knew that you loved me."

After this avowal there was silence for a minute. Then Carruthers leaned forward. "Beatrice, my love," he said hoarsely, "kiss me once. I only ask it once."

She flushed to the roots of her hair, yet she made no resistance. Carruthers drew her to him and for the first, and, for all he knew, the last time their lips met. He took, she gave, the one kiss. When it was over Carruthers released her from his embrace and the two drew apart.

Here, no doubt, Mr. Carruthers will sink immensely in public esteem. He acted as a hero is never supposed to act, or at least in fiction. He lost an opportunity. Every one who has studied the nature of true love as depicted by the modern passionate writers and skilled analysists of the human heart must feel that Mr Carruthers should have then and there clasped Beatrice to his heart and have sworn that love overruled everything. He should have followed that one melting kiss by thousands. He should have said, "What is the marriage tie when two souls are in such ecstatic communion as yours and mine? It should have said: "There are other lands. Lands where no one knows us, where life may be a perpetual dream of love. Let us fly there and be blest." In the mad whirl of his passion such sorry things as she for appearance sake urged should have been swept away and, married or unmarried he should have borne her off his own and ever! Yes, he lost such an opportunity that his conduct must be apologized for.

"Let me tell you my story, Frank," she said beseechingly.

He was one of these wild passionate things such beasts he was in English gentlemen, who wished the woman he loved to be his wife and the mother of his children

after all that had passed between them—away sufficiently to make him willing to blot out an imaginary past. It was great enough to raise and restore the woman he loved, but it was not great enough, or shall we say too great, to dream of degrading her!

CHANGING FASHIONS IN FISH.

Tastes of New Yorkers for Food the Fishermen Bring to the City.

[New York Sun.]

"I have noticed," said an old fish dealer, "that the tastes for various kinds of fish have undergone remarkable changes in the past few years. Spanish mackerel, that was once an expensive luxury, and only to be found at the best restaurants or on the tables of wealthy epicures can now be had in any eating house at prices very little higher than those paid for ordinary mackerel, and many perhaps, prefer the ordinary kind. Halibut, that used to be the standard family fish of New Yorkers has certainly sunk into a second or third place. I can not very readily account for this, because the halibut, cooked in any of the recognized ways, is a finely flavored fish.

"The consumption of codfish has increased enormously. It may be said to have taken the place once occupied by halibut, and, indeed, I think it is a better flavored fish. Boiled, or fried in steaks, it is a decided delicacy and is plentiful enough to be always procurable at a reasonable price. Pan fish are, for the most part, of little value now. Porgies have lost ground considerably, though they are very good eating. They are becoming scarce in New York waters too.

"Singularly enough, the coarser fish have gained somewhat in favor. The sturgeon, which formerly was considered to be hardly fit food for a white man, is now frequently seen on the tables of good livers. It is generally smoked, which in a measure destroys its oily flavor, but it is also eaten fresh. Some of the poorer people living far up the Hudson smoke it and make it a staple food. They call it 'North River beef.' I have been told that sturgeon is so scarce in England that when one is caught it is sent to the lord lieutenant of the county. Flounders, too, have increased largely in popularity, and the markets are usually well supplied with them. They are sold at low prices. Formerly the expression, 'No better than a fried flounder,' was the common pronunciamento against a poor fish, but now it is well understood that if a flounder is soaked in vinegar for a night it becomes firm, losses its muddy taste, and makes a fairly good meal.

"Eels are dropping out of public favor rapidly, and brook trout and salmon have become highly popular, though both are very expensive, and salmon are generally frozen and have been a long while on the way to market. Some time ago a captain of a ship tried the experiment of stocking our waters with the much-prized English black sole. He brought out 100 of them, but they were all dead but seven when he arrived at Sandy Hook. He turned the seven adrift and whether they turned their heads toward home or died where they were liberated I don't know, but a down town restaurant keeper next day pinned a notice in his window to the effect that he had caught them all, and was offering them all at 25 cents a plate. The black sole is flat, like a flounder, but it is long and very thick. It has to be skinned, like an eel, before it is cooked. It is a wonderfully delicate and palatable fish."

The Constitutionally Tired.

[Boston Budget. Saunterer.

The subject of loafing is a prolific one if any person is inclined to treat it in all of its bearings, but the saunterer has only space at this time to refer to the number of haunts that the listless and idle have. They will invade the busiest places, and occupy the time of all who are good natured enough to listen to their wretched dribble. They are prepared to criticise everybody and everything about them, and though they have been notorious failures in all they have undertaken owing to their indolence, they are always ready to say how much better they could do the work which really industrious people are performing to the best of their ability.

The saunterer has often noticed that apothecary shops are favorite lounging places for the constitutionally tired, and he has wondered if the fatal mistakes that druggists sometimes make are not the result of an attention distracted by the remarks of some hanger on, who has nothing to do but retail the senseless gossip of the hour.

The Waters of Saratoga.

[Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.]

It is interesting to watch the people about these springs. The newcomer sips and grimaces and looks about as if meditatedly others march up to the spring, gulp down the desired quantity, and glad that it is over, look around happily on the follows who have not drank. The lady of fashion settles with her poodle or husband, or maid, and languidly sips, and is benefited, because her dress is admired and shows off well. In comes a pretty young southern girl, with her old black mammy in tow. The rosy lips touch the sparkling glass, her bright eyes and firm fresh cheeks, sparkle even more prettily. She drains the glass, and turns with a laugh to the old nurse, who has a glass of water, and is trying, with many shiverings and shakes of the head, and rolling of the eyes, to please de dear child."

Cripples come here, and men whose best life is marked in their faces as plainly as are chalk sums on the blackboard women come, fashion dissipated, haggard ugly and fine. There is shoddy, and arrogance, and ignorance, but there is also modesty, intelligence and beauty, to be found every day, any day by the waters of Saratoga.

Broken Watch Springs.

[Philadelphia Press.

Why is it that the watch springs are breaking? In my experience of thirty-three years, writes a workman in the finishing room of a factory, 'I have never known of so large a per cent. of broken springs at this time of the year. I always have noticed that there was a large increase in the breaking of mainsprings in watches in the fall, but there are more accidents of the kind now than ever. Why is it? No less than 20 mainsprings in watches were broken during a recent storm in New York.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Boys!

Don't tease girls or boys smaller than yourselves.

Don't take the easiest chair in the room, but put it into the pleasantest place, and offer it to mother when she comes down.

Don't forget to treat your mother as politely as if she was a stranger lady who had not spend her life in your service.

To be as kind and helpful to your sisters as you expect your sisters to be to you.

To make friends among good boys.

To take pride in being a gentleman at home.

To take your mothers into your confidence if you do anything wrong, and above all never lie about anything you have done.

To make up your minds not to learn to smoke, chew or drink, remembering that those things cannot be unlearned, and that they are terrible drawbacks to good health and necessities to bad ones.

To remember that there never was a true bond without these habits.

Observe all these rules, and they will be sure to make you gentlemen.

A Good Game.

Verbarium is a capital game, but it requires some application. Each player is provided with paper and pencil. One has a watch and one a dictionary. A word is chosen, say Agriculture. The one that has the watch calls "Time," and then for precisely two minute each player is to write the words he can from the letters in culture, beginning with A. After the two minutes are likewise occupied in writing words beginning with the other letters in the chosen word in turn.

At the end of the first two minutes the call, and he that has written the words begins by reading the first one he has written. All that have it say "I," all that have not say 'No,' and each that has it counts one for each one that he has not. For instance if seven are playing and three have the word "argue," and the other haven't it, each one that has it marks down figure 4 against the word.

At the close of the game all the figures are added, and, of course the one having the greatest sum is the winner.

Somewhat like this, but easier, is a rhyming game lately introduced from England. The first player mentions any letter of the alphabet, the second any letter that comes next to the first, would build together a word; the third player adds another letter that, with the two already given, will help form any word, and so on. For instance, the first player may say "B," the next one thinks of "board," and says "O." The third, not knowing what word the second had in mind, thinks of "born," and says "R," the fourth adds "n," and the word (born) is finished. Now, the point of the game is not to let a word stop with you either by finishing it, as No. 4 did, or by being unable to add any letter that will help to form some longer word. Of course proper names, contractions and obsolete words are forbidden.

A Surprise.

[St. Nicholas.]

BESSIE—"OH, AN ORANGE."

IT WAS A LEMON

Those Red Top Boots.

[Shoe and Leather Review.]

Do you remember them—the first pair you wore? You can close your eyes and see them again—stiff and black and heavy. And what points of beauty in your boots were those red tops and bright copper toes! The memory of them brings you back to that period in your life where infancy passes into boyhood, and where dreams come of you of being a big man. They mark the beginning of your independence, of your strength, of your recognition as one of earth's creatures. Better far, they herald the surcease of ridicule, so galling to a boy's pride, for they came with pants and roundabout, hair, in place of dresses and curls. How often have you gone sobbing to your mother your heart full of grief and mortification because a bigger boy had pulled your hair and called you a girl! The changes, all at once. Mother made the pants one evening she brought home the new boots. Then she put the scissors into your soft curls, cut them off, kissed them and laid them away. She was sorry to see baby boy come a boy, but how you did swell! How you longed for the morning that you might wear them! How jealous you cried out to little Billy Brown, in the street that you had 'pants and boots.' And Billy probably answered, sullenly, "I don't care," while all the time he was filled with envy.

Dear little boots! We revere your memory. You are to the boy what the curl is to the youth; what the bride is to the man.

A Double Flank Movement.

NOW THEY'VE GOT HIM.

September.

[Wide Awake.]

Ripe, ripe, and mellow! Apples red and mellow,
Peaches in the orchard, grapes upon the wall,
Berries in the hedges, nuts upon the hill,
Dusky bloom of purple plum and nectarine that fall
Ripe, ripe, and mellow!

Wet days and sunny, nature-gathered
Fragrant wealth of fruit and wine
Gladden all the earth,
Now that summer's going, what have you
showing—
What from all the happy days to
the winter's mirth
Ripe, ripe, and mellow!

Good If True.

A dog belonging to a Wanaqua, N. had for a long time been in the habit of bring up his breakfast and running away it instead of eating it. The boy followed him on Friday and the dog led him a short trip, evidently to prove his point. Finally the dog lay down and waited for the boy to go away. The boy started about as if to go home. The dog then ran to the breakfast and disappeared in a covert, where investigation revealed a decrepit and emaciated old dog, who was eagerly devouring the breakfast.

Beheading.

How many words can you make from the word "strike" by successive beheadings?

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